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FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT CARNOT, SUNDAY, JULY 1: THE NEW PRESIDENT LEAVING THE ÉLYSÉE AND FOLLOWING THE FUNERAL CAR.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, M. Forestier.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Professor Pearson's calculations on the mathematical possibilities of "runs" in games of chance have brought out a good deal of correspondence, though none, so far as I know, from those who are practically acquainted with such matters. The players at Monte Carlo have their own theories upon the subject of runs, but they do not feel called upon to make them public: the discoveries that promise wealth beyond the dreams of avarice (and realise it—for the tables) they naturally keep to themselves. It is unhappily true that there are a good many folks who pour into our unwilling ears their infallible recipes for winning, till we fervently wish they would depart forthwith and put them to the proof; but these are mere amateurs; the professional worshippers of the goddess Fortune are generally very reticent. Though Science takes so much interest in them, they do not reciprocate it. In vain she assures them that when they have won the first game at whist the odds in favour of their winning the rubber are three to one. They persist in believing it to be but five to two (a quite inexplicable calculation) and, much to their advantage, persuade their adversaries to believe it. You will never get them to argue the matter, which is a pity, for they have really something to say for themselves. The scientific folks assert that to the ignorant gambler three to one seems too great odds, and two to one too little, and he has therefore split the difference; but he would probably retort that practice is better than theory, and that the results of a prolonged personal experience weigh more with him than any calculation of chances. The fact is, the two parties most heartily despise one another, which is a pity, for if they had more friendly relations the subject of disagreement between them (which is of considerable interest) would have much more light thrown upon it.

That even a scientist may be in ignorance of the most common occurrences at cards is made clear by one of Dr. Pearson's correspondents, who writes with amazement of a rubber of whist "played on the 5th instant" (as though an occurrence so epoch-making deserved a date) where hearts were trumps in nine deals out of thirteen. "Unfortunately no written record of the runs was kept, but it is almost certain they were as follows: hearts, diamonds, clubs, hearts twice, diamonds, hearts three times, diamonds, hearts three times again." But why should they not be? It is most curious that while men of science are easily found to believe that, after shuffling a pack of cards, the four suits have been dealt respectively to four different hands, they should express wonder at an occurrence of this kind, which has, in fact, nothing to do with "runs" whatever. I have known in a club whist-room the same suit to be trumps nine times out of thirteen on many occasions, not for one afternoon but for whole weeks; indeed I remember a member of the club, on his returning to it after quite a long absence, asking: "Do you still turn up spades in this establishment?" and his question was answered in the affirmative. The cause of the phenomenon lay, no doubt, in the manufacture of a certain number of packs of cards, for when we had come to the end of our ordinary supply spades turned up no more frequently than other suits.

Men of science are wont to sniff so violently at the opinions of whist-players who venture to dispute the doctrine of chances that there is no wonder that they keep them to themselves; but now that no less an authority than Mr. Andrew Lang has said a good word for ghosts—admits at all events their existence to be possible—I hope that someone who is practically acquainted with the subject will have equal courage with respect to luck. As to "runs" and the like, I confess I have no sympathy with the superstitious regarding them: because players in certain seats have lost four times, I see no sort of reason why they should lose a fifth; nor can I believe that ordering a couple of fresh packs of cards will avert that disaster. One of the most courteous players I ever knew always resisted his partner's invitation to purchase immunity on those terms. "I am prepared, my friend, to risk any amount of stakes with you," he would say sweetly, "but I cannot afford to incur a certain loss of two and ninepence." It is difficult, however, in my opinion for an habitual whist-player to withhold his belief in luck as regards the individual. As to his future share of it, I am quite sceptical: supposing their play to be equal, I would just as soon be the partner of the most unlucky man in the world as of the luckiest. The next rubber, for aught I know, may be the beginning of a succession of triumphs which in the end may restore his average; but up to the present date I have known players (though only a few) who, as the phrase goes, "always lose"—that is, who lose perhaps three times out of four; and I have known other players (though still fewer, because nobody will admit they win if they can help it) who gain in the same proportion. This has nothing to do with skill, or the want of it; the winning player may play, perhaps, a little more boldly out of confidence in his good fortune, and the losing one may be a little too cautious about *finesses* from a contrary experience, but nothing but luck can account for the enormous difference in their whist accounts. And this has gone on, not temporarily, but in some cases for years and years. It was a saying of the late Mr. Whelple (one of the best and most

constant players of his time) that persons who were out of health were almost always also out of luck. In that case the reason is explicable, and the theory will probably be admitted, but generally it is very difficult to convince your mathematician that there is anything in heaven or earth that cannot be accounted for by science. It does happen, however, now and then: the best illustration of it, perhaps, is that of the lucky cook who dreamt of the prize number in the lottery. "I dreamt of No. 7," she said, "and I dreamt it three times, and as three times 7 is 21, I chose that number."

A physician writing in the *North American Review* not only magnifies his office, but exhibits a strong desire to magnify its fees. He argues that since the tourist captured by Sicilian brigands cheerfully gives 20,000 dollars rather than have his nose cut off, he should not grudge a surgeon the same sum to save that organ from disease. This is the doctrine of ransom pushed a little further than usual. There is no doubt that some wealthy persons are discreditably averse to pay at a proper rate for the cures that have been wrought by their doctors, but, on the other hand, doctors often receive considerable fees when they have wrought no cures at all. It was once remarked by a writer of great sagacity and experience that though the difference between a good doctor and a bad one might be very great, the difference between a good doctor and none at all was very small. The number of insufficient fees, on the one hand, may be considerable, but on the other a great many more have been paid for mere good intentions. The administration of drugs, a great professor of the healing art has lately assured us, is in all cases an experiment, and another has even gone so far as to say that Nature is better without them; but both these gentlemen have made their fortunes and retired from practice, and their brethren, not without reason, accuse them of an excess of frankness. There is no doubt, however, that medicine is not an exact science, and if, as is the case in China, our physicians were only to take their fees when the cure of the patient is concluded, there would be fewer of those fast-driven broughams about, with the tenant sitting well forward, with a little drawer in front of him supposed to be full of golden guineas. Surgery, however, comes under a different category, and there seems no reason why fees should not be arranged for particular services beforehand in proportion to the seriousness of the case and the success of its result.

The self-commendatory letters which editors of magazines receive from would-be contributors are numerous and varied, but perhaps the most amusing are from the writers of domestic stories. They plume themselves on not giving way to the prevailing taste for sensation—though if they had they modestly suggest they would have been at the top of the tree—and call the editorial attention to the fact that there is nothing in the way of incident in their contribution from beginning to end. The work, they venture to think, will be found to be in every respect original, but if it does suggest any previous work of genius it is Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." Generally speaking, it is really like "Cranford" (or even more so) in its absence of dramatic incident, but there the resemblance ceases. It is dull and commonplace and dreary. It is quite possible the characters are drawn from life, but if so the circumstance is to be regretted: it would have been better for their fellow-creatures had they been the marionettes we take them for. The patient editor reads on and on, till temper at last fails him, and he throws down the manuscript with the ungallant observation, "This woman is a fool!" For, alas! it is always a woman. There is a grain of humour in the composition of almost every male, which prevents his prefacing a literary contribution with calling attention to his virtue. He dare not thank Heaven that he has "not given way to the prevailing taste," &c. Now the fact is, to write a book like "Cranford" is one of the most difficult of literary feats; for where there is no adventitious aid from incident or situation it is genius only that can guide the pen. The annals of a country town are much less easy to invest with interest than the goings on in the Metropolis, in which there are "plenty of spring onions for the salad," every species of crime to give a fillip to the narrative, and a really good murder once a week.

Miss Mary Wilkins, already distinguished in "short story" literature, has found a "Cranford" for herself in a secluded village in New England—"Pembroke"—and described it to the life. The characters depicted are very different, the very atmosphere of their existence is in the strongest contrast to the gentle airs that blow about the country town described for us by Mrs. Gaskell, but her mantle has descended upon the newcomer. "Pembroke" has no genteel poverty as we understand it; it is to English eyes an abode of great discomfort; the people are hard and harsh, and suckled in a creed we have so long abandoned that we hardly recognise it; and yet we say to ourselves as we read these homely annals, 'Here is 'Cranford' again, or at all events the genius that created it.' It is useless to attempt to represent the merits of a work of this kind by a brief extract. The busy life of an ant-hill is not to be gathered from the divagations of a single insect, but the student of human nature has a rare treat before him in the perusal of the whole volume. Miss Wilkins has had even a harder task in making her theme

interesting than had Mrs. Gaskell; for though "Cranford" might be dull, there were some delightful people in it, which is certainly not the case with "Pembroke." "How graphic it all is!" says the reader to himself admiringly, and then, with a little shudder of satisfaction, he adds, "And how thankful I am I don't live there!"

There have been many attempts to describe the little world that immediately surrounds us, the first and best-known of which was, perhaps, "Our Village." This was written from the picturesque point of view, however, rather than as a leaf from real life. The objection to dealing with so limited an horizon is generally that one's neighbours recognise, or think they recognise, their own photographs; and photographs, as is well known, usually fail to satisfy their originals. Among later works of this kind may be mentioned the "Johnny Ludlow" tales by Mrs. Henry Wood. There is a novelty about them, as being a boy's view of his neighbours, and some of them have considerable merit; but the difficulty of chronicling small beer is in others made but too apparent. Only one novel do I remember in which the author sets himself the still more miniature task of describing the inmates of a single dwelling-house, from the drawing-room to the kitchen, and the events that took place in both places. The idea seems an excellent one, but I am afraid he rather failed in the kitchen; he gave one the idea of being as unfamiliar with it as some writers (who would do the kitchen capitally) are with the drawing-room.

No one who reads the police reports can doubt of the existence of love at first sight. It is quite amazing how on the very shortest acquaintance young women of respectability—generally domestic servants—become enamoured of persons of the opposite sex. It is the old confidence trick—except that they play themselves the trick—carried to extremity. It is comparatively seldom that this passion seizes on the male. He is prepared for any amount of self-indulgence, but is distinctly opposed to self-sacrifice. There have, nevertheless, been masculine examples. One of the most curious cases was that recorded by Horace Walpole of Handsome Tracey, a gentleman of considerable fashion. He met a young woman in the Park with whom he instantly fell head over ears in love. She was as prudent as Pamela, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he extracted her name and address. She was a butlerman's daughter, but the idea of marrying beneath him was no bar to his infatuation. Before evening he had written to her four love-letters, and in the last offered to settle two hundred pounds a year upon her. Pamela consulted a friend of hers, who said, "Resist the temptation and he will marry you." "Nay," she replied, "but if I do and lose him by it?" However, he did marry her, at Curzon Chapel, the next day. The union did not turn out so badly as might have been expected, for when Handsome Tracey, repenting of his precipitancy, observed after a week or two, "I can't bear this; I will make you a handsome allowance and leave you," she replied, "Leave me! Do not fancy you are going to leave me; I shall go with you." "What! you really love me, then?" "No matter whether I love you or not; we will go together." And they went.

In one of the most popular novels of Wilkie Collins, "The Moonstone," there is an account of first love which has been received with much disfavour by the critics. The sudden adoration conceived for Mr. Franklin Blake by the plain housemaid, with one shoulder higher than the other, Rosanna Spearman, seems certainly not only inexplicable but unnatural. He is scarcely aware of her existence in the household, and is himself engaged to its young mistress, and yet she nourishes her hopeless passion till it destroys her. The incident, so far as I know, is unique in fiction, but however improbable, I cannot help thinking that it was taken from real life. Among the traditions of Bedlam is the account of a female ghost who used to glide through its dreary cells with a guinea in her hand, and its origin had its rise in the following story. "In 1780 a young West Indian whose name was Dupree visited for some weeks a relative who lived on Fish Street Hill. During his stay he was waited on by the servant of the house—a country girl named Rebecca Griffiths, chiefly remarkable for the plainness of her person and the quietness of her manners. The visitor at length prepared for his departure; the chaise came to the door, and there were shaking of hands and farewells in the usual abundance. Rebecca, in whom an extraordinary depression had for some time been perceived, was in attendance to pack the luggage. With a guinea squeezed into the girl's hand and a brief, 'God bless you, Rebecca,' the young man sprang into the chaise and the vehicle drove away. As it did so it was seen that Rebecca was wildly following it, her hair streaming in the wind and her whole appearance that of a maniac. She was not secured till she reached the Borough, when she was taken in a state of incurable madness to Bethlehem Hospital, where she died. The guinea the young man had given her she never suffered during life to quit her hand: she grasped it in her dying moments, and in a gleam of returning reason entreated that it should be buried with her." The story runs that it was stolen by a brutal warder, and that her ghost haunted the hospital in fruitless inquiry for it.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT CARNOT.

On Sunday, July 1, the body of the late M. Sadi Carnot, President of the French Republic, assassinated at Lyons on the preceding Sunday evening, was carried through Paris from the Elysée Palace to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where the religious funeral service was performed. It was further conveyed to the Panthéon, where several addresses were spoken, and where it was entombed near the sepulchre of his grandfather, the Minister of the first Republic, who died seventy years ago.

The Palace of the Elysée, the President's official residence, is situated in the Faubourg St. Honoré, north of the Champs Elysées, with an entrance from the west in the Avenue de Marigny, and with large gardens. The funeral procession crossed the Place de la Concorde and, passing the Louvre, went on to the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, from which it crossed the river to Notre Dame. The fronts of public buildings, of the Ministry of Marine and the Palais Bourbon, or Chamber of Deputies, of the Hôtel de Ville, and of the cathedral, were draped with black or hung with black and silver banners, and burning lamps were ranged before them. Hundreds of thousands of people lined the whole route, which was guarded by soldiers, and there was not the slightest disorder. Troops of the Republican Guard, commanded by General Saussier, riding with his staff, leading the way, eight cars of floral wreaths, with a military band and the pupils of the Polytechnic School, came before the hearse or funeral car, on which lay the coffin with the French flag thrown over it. The funeral car, drawn by eight horses, was mostly followed by persons walking, the late President's household, his three sons, M. Casimir-Périer, the new President of the Republic, the Presidents of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies, the Foreign Ambassadors, three of whom were in carriages, the Ministers of State, the Cardinals of the Church, the Marshals of the Army, the members of the Senate and of the Chamber, diplomatists, Generals, Judges, and various municipal and other delegates, besides many personal friends of the deceased. At the Cathedral of Notre Dame were the ecclesiastics, Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Langenieux, Archbishop of Rheims, and the Archbishops of Lyons, Sens, Beauvais, and Blois, with some of the Paris clergy. Beethoven's "Funeral March" was performed; Mass was celebrated by the priests; Gounod's "Agnus" and the requiem composed by M. Saint-Saëns were sung, and the "Pie Jesu" by M. Faure. The clergy passed round the coffin with their benedictions, and the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris delivered a brief address. At half-past two o'clock the coffin was lifted and conveyed to the Panthéon, the sometime Church of St. Geneviève, where lie the remains of Voltaire and Rousseau, of Victor Hugo, and of Presidents Thiers and Macmahon. Here orations were delivered by M. Challemlacour, President of the Senate, and by M. Dupuy, the Prime Minister, M. de Mahy, and General André, head of the Polytechnic School. Funeral services on account of M. Carnot took place at Berlin, St. Petersburg, Rome, Madrid, and other capital cities, and in London also, where the preachers at St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and other churches made especial mention of his death. The Prince of Wales, on Monday, with the Duke of York and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, attended the memorial service at the French Catholic Church in Leicester Square.

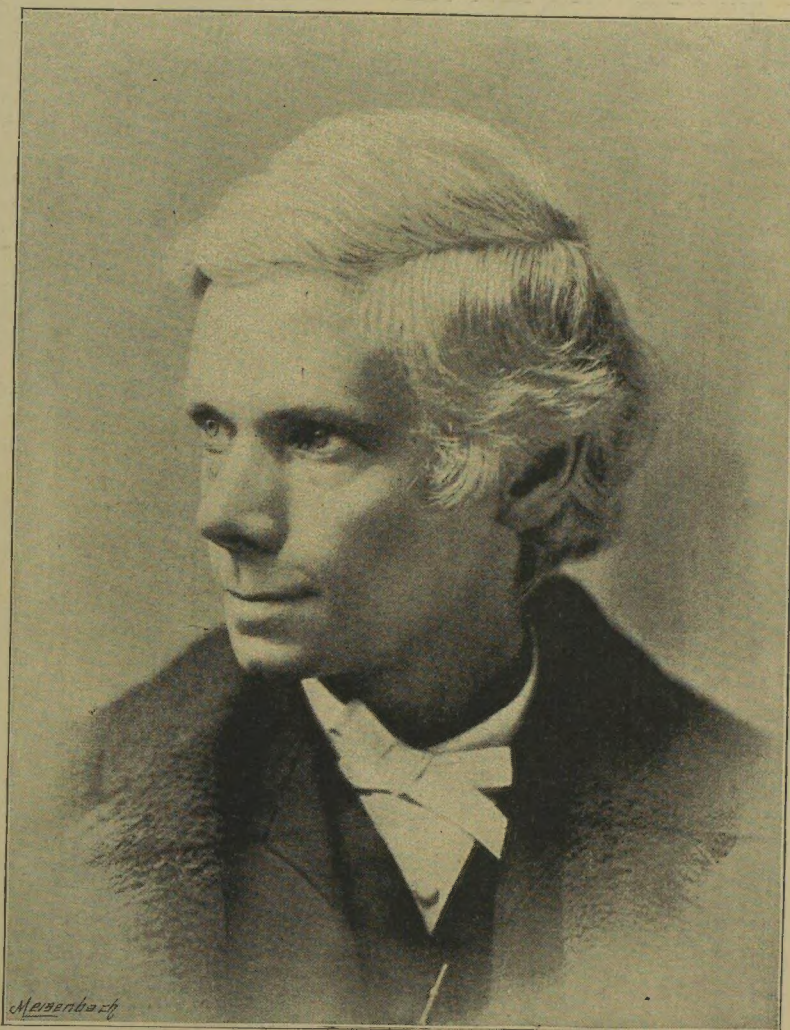
ELECTION OF PRESIDENT CASIMIR-PÉRIER.

The constitution of the French Republic is essentially different from that of the United States of America in its provision for the election of the President, the Chief of the State. Instead of this being referred to a body of electors chosen, as in the American States, by popular suffrage, for the express purpose of electing the candidate of one or the other political party, the French Presidential election is performed by the members of the Senate and those of the Chamber of Deputies forming a Congress or National Assembly at Versailles, sitting and voting together. In this manner, on Wednesday, June 27, three days after the assassination of President Carnot, two hours' negotiation and deliberation, presided over by M. Challemlacour, sufficed for the election of M. Casimir-Périer to the Presidency of the French Republic by 451 votes out of 851. M. Brisson received 195 votes, General Fèvre 93, M. Arago 27, M. Cavaignac 12, and M. Dupuy 57. The voting was done by ballot, after which M. Challemlacour, who is President of the Senate, took up the paper on which the figures were written, read out only the number of votes given to M. Casimir-Périer, and added: "M. Casimir-Périer having obtained the absolute majority of votes, I proclaim him President of the French Republic for seven years." Nine-tenths of the Assembly stood up and applauded. The President continued: "In virtue of Article 7 of the Constitutional Law of February 25, 1875, the Ministerial Council will inform M. Casimir-Périer of the decision of the National Assembly." The Congress being closed, the officials of the National Assembly and the Ministers went immediately to the apartments arranged for the President of the Chamber, and were there received by M. Casimir-Périer. M. Dupuy, Prime Minister, taking from the hands of M. Challemlacour the *procès verbal* of the sitting of the Congress, read it to M. Casimir-Périer. This was the real investiture of authority. M. Challemlacour then addressed a speech to M. Casimir-Périer, and ended by embracing him. Just afterwards he received a number of Deputies and Senators and members of the Parliamentary Press.

THE NEW MASTER OF THE TEMPLE.

The intimation made some weeks since that Dean Vaughan felt compelled, by reason of failing health, to retire from the Mastership of the Temple was received with a universal expression of regret. The announcement on Monday of Canon Ainger's appointment as his successor has evoked an equally general feeling of satisfaction. Long as has been the Dean's connection with the Temple Church, his successor's antedates it, for when, in 1869, Dr. Vaughan left the Vicarage of Doncaster for the Mastership, he found Mr. Ainger already in the third year of his Readership. The long tenure of six-and-twenty years has so identified Canon Ainger with the Temple that it is sometimes forgotten that the Readership, although it accounts for nearly half the years, did not fill the whole of his career up to the date of his retirement.

Canon Ainger was born in London in 1837, went to King's College School, and thence to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, graduating B.A. in 1860 and M.A. in 1864. In 1860 he received deacon's orders, and from that time until 1864 ministered as curate in the Staffordshire village of Alrewas, after which he served for two years as assistant master at the Collegiate School of Sheffield. Then, in 1866, came his appointment as Reader at the Temple Church, an office which he filled and adorned until 1892. Of the Sunday afternoon sermons which for so many years attracted and impressed the most fastidious and unimpressible of London congregations, only a small volume—full have been published—"Sermons preached in the Temple Church" (Macmillan, 1874). Earlier in the century the literary distinction of such a volume, to say nothing of the preacher's earnestness and devotion to his high calling,



THE REV. CANON AINGER, THE NEW MASTER OF THE TEMPLE.

would have been rewarded by a deanery; but Mr. Ainger's first piece of preferment arrived only seven years ago, in the shape of a canonry of Bristol, an appointment which came honourably and appropriately from the Lord Chancellor of the day.

Almost as intimately as with the Temple, Canon Ainger has identified himself with the memory and the "Works" of Charles Lamb, the most distinguished native of the precincts. Their names must go down to posterity indissolubly linked, for although Talfourd was Lamb's first, the new Master has been his best, and in all probability will prove to be his final editor. In 1882 Canon Ainger contributed the monograph on "Charles Lamb" to Mr. Morley's "English Men of Letters," one of the very best of an excellent series; and this was reissued, six years later, in an enlarged form. In the interval, the biographer gave the world, in six volumes, a collection of Lamb's "Works" and "Letters," so admirably edited that the ever-increasing multitude of Lamb-lovers may rest satisfied that no worthier shrine is likely to be built for their idol.

The office of Master of the Temple is not only honourable in a high degree, but is exceptional, if not singular, in its constitution and conditions; for, though the Crown appoints, the Benchers of the two Inns provide the emoluments. The Premier, usually a wise man, naturally takes the sentiments of the paymasters into consideration; so that the present appointment and its acceptance are peculiarly honourable both to Benchers and Master, whose experience of each other has been long and intimate. Canon Ainger succeeds to a long list of distinguished men, the most famous name being that of "the judicious Hooker" whose Puritan "Reader," Travers, was accustomed to reply combatively each afternoon to his Master's morning sermon. Not a very satisfactory state of things in itself, perhaps, but highly tolerable, when one remembers that to this controversy we owe directly one of the chief glories of English literature—the "Ecclesiastical Polity."

OPENING OF THE TOWER BRIDGE.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, at noon on Saturday, June 30, opened the new bridge at Tower Hill over the Thames. A procession of five carriages, each drawn by four horses, with an escort of Life Guards, conducted the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of York, and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, with ladies and gentlemen in attendance, from Marlborough House, along Pall Mall, Charing Cross, the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's Churchyard, Cheapside, the Poultry, King William Street, Eastcheap, and Trinity Square, to Tower Hill. The streets east of Temple Bar were kept by troops, including detachments of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, 8th Hussars, 3rd Grenadiers, and 2nd Norfolk Regiment. At the Mansion House the procession was joined by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs, the Recorder, Mr. A. J. Altman, the chairman of the Bridge House Estates Committee, and the engineer, Mr. J. Wolfe Barry. The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Albany, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck were in their carriages at the Mansion House; also the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London and Rochester. On Tower Hill there was a pavilion adjacent to the north end of the new bridge. Here was the assembled company, among whom were Earl Spencer and the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.,

Home Secretary, with the aldermen and other members of the City Corporation. Before entering this pavilion, the royal visitors in their carriages passed on across the bridge to the Surrey side, and went into Elizabeth Street and Tooley Street, where detachments of Volunteers and congregations of school-children had been posted. On their return to the pavilion, they took their seats on the dais; the Princesses were presented with bouquets, and a handsome ornament of brilliants was the gift of the Bridge House Estates Committee to the Princess of Wales. On a pedestal before the seat of the Prince of Wales lay the lid of the loving-cup presented to him by the City Corporation. The address, read by Sir Charles Hall, the Recorder, bade welcome to his Royal Highness, and briefly described the nature of the work. The Prince, having read a reply handed to him by Mr. Asquith, on behalf of "the Queen, my dear mother," declared the bridge "open for land traffic," at which there was great cheering. His Royal Highness then, taking up the lid of the cup, applied it to turn the lever of the valve setting in motion the powerful hydraulic machinery for raising the "bascules," two immense leaves of iron, each 115 ft. long, pivoted on axles at the towers, forming the movable part of the bridge roadway over the middle span of 200 ft. When these were lifted so as to stand erect, he declared the waterway open for the river traffic of ships; and there was still greater cheering at this announcement. The Bishop of London pronounced a Benediction. The Lord Mayor presented to his Royal Highness the two Sheriffs; Mr. A. J. Altman, chairman of the Bridge House Estates Committee; Mr. A. B. Hudson, past chairman; Mr. J. Wolfe Barry, engineer; and Alderman Frank Green. The Princes and Princesses re-entered their carriages, and went to the Tower Wharf, where they were received by General Sir Daniel Lysons, Constable of the Tower, and the official staff. There taking leave of the Lord Mayor and City authorities, they embarked on board the steam-boat *Palm*, which conveyed their Royal Highnesses up the river, followed by a small fleet of other steam-boats, to Westminster Palace.

A ROYAL STUD FARM.

The second biennial sale of hackneys bred at the Wolferton Stud Farm, near Sandringham, Norfolk, belonging to the Prince of Wales, was held on Thursday, June 28. This stud, under the management of Mr. William Dickie, was established seven years ago to improve the breed of that class of horses, in which it has produced good effects. Among the most notable sires which have been chosen for the object in view is Field Marshal, No. 2986, a dark bay, foaled in 1889, son of Cadet, 1251, and now regarded as one of the best hackney stallions in the country. He gained the first prize, as a yearling, at the London show of the Hackney Horse Society, but has since then not been exhibited. He is the sire of the yearling filly *Alexandra*, which took prizes in 1893 at Peterborough and at other places, and a first prize at the London Hackney Show this year. Many of the colts and fillies offered for sale at this meeting owe their parentage to Field Marshal; others to Cadet, now in America, to Cannon Ball, Confidence, Connaught, Danegelt, and Vigorous. Another important sire is *Serpa Pinto*, a thoroughbred, son of Galliard and grandson of Galopin, his dam being Pinbasket, whose offspring, *Skedaddle*, last year won the Grand Steeplechase of Paris. *Serpa Pinto* is named after a distinguished Portuguese traveller in Africa. The *Sun of York*, 3315, by Reality, a winner of several prizes, Red Rose and Ginger, which are sold to go to India, and *Vista d'Oro*, 4570, are available at the Royal Stud Farm, which is about six hundred acres in extent. The highest price reached at sales here was in 1892, when Lady Dorothy, with a colt foal, was sold for 650 guineas; her offspring being *Real Pop*, 4952, a son of the *Sun of York*, who last week took a first prize at the Essex County Show.



THE PROCLAMATION OF THE NEW FRENCH PRESIDENT.
M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE, ANNOUNCES IN THE CONGRESS AT VERSAILLES THAT M. CASIMIR-PERIER IS THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE.
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, M. Forestier



M. CASIMIR-PERIER, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, LEAVING THE PALACE AT VERSAILLES AFTER HIS ELECTION.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, M. Forestier.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen on Friday, June 29, had as her guests at Windsor Castle the Russian Czarovitch, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and others of the royal family, the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Kimberley, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, and some gentlemen of the Archduke's suite, who dined with her Majesty. The Duchess of Albany visited the Queen on Monday, July 2. The Princess of Leiningen, after her visit to the Queen, has left England for Germany. Her Majesty, at Windsor, on Tuesday, July 3, reviewed a thousand boys of the Greenwich Hospital School, upon the occasion of its bicentenary.

The Prince and Princess of Wales on June 30 gave a dinner-party in honour of the visit of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, who has been staying at Buckingham Palace. Their Royal Highnesses, on Monday, July 2, entertained all the Princes and Princesses in London with luncheon at Marlborough House, and were present afterwards at a garden-party given by the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, at Clarence House, St. James's. The Austrian Archduke left London for Vienna on July 3.

A State Ball was given by command of the Queen at Buckingham Palace on Monday night, July 2, when the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, with the Marquis of Lorne, Prince and Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife were present. The Prince of Wales on Friday, June 30, held a Levée for the Queen at St. James's Palace.

On Tuesday, July 3, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, went to Streatham to open the new building of the British Home for Incurables, and a fête, to be continued three days, with rural market-booths and various entertainments, under the patronage of other Princesses, for the profit of the funds of that institution.

The Duke of York on July 3 laid the foundation-stone of the Cripplegate Institution in Golden Lane for a library, reading-rooms, and lectures. His Royal Highness lunched with the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs at the Mansion House.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught on June 30 attended a fête at the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum, on the Chobham Ridges, near Bagshot, in aid of its funds, and her Royal Highness received purses of money given for that object.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, on July 2 visited the Royal Academy of Music, and presented prizes to students of that Academy and of the Royal College of Music.

The French Ambassador, M. Decrais, on June 29 had an audience of the Queen at Windsor, to express thanks for the sympathy of her Majesty and of this nation with France upon the occasion of the assassination of President Carnot.

Both Houses of Convocation on July 3, at Westminster, passed resolutions to condemn the Bill for Church Disestablishment in Wales.

Lord Russell of Killowen, formerly well known as Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., has been appointed to succeed the late Lord Coleridge as Lord Chief Justice.

The London County Council on July 3 adopted addresses of congratulation to the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of York, on the birth of the latest infant Prince. It was resolved to erect a new lunatic asylum at Bexley, the cost not to exceed £300,000.

The scheme of purchasing all the property of the eight metropolitan water companies, and bringing them under public management, is again taken up by the London County Council, which has ordered Bills for this object to be prepared for the next Session of Parliament.

Henley Regatta, on Wednesday, July 4, and two following days, had a much smaller number of entries than last year. The first day was favoured by summer weather.

The Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund is reported this year to amount to £40,000.

At the solemn requiem performed on Monday, July 2, at the French Chapel, Leicester Square, in memory of the late President Carnot, the Queen was represented by the Lord Chamberlain. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the Duke of Cambridge were present, also Lord Rosebery and several other members of the Cabinet, and nearly every member of the Diplomatic Body. Mass was said by the Very Rev. L. Thomas, rector of the church, and Cardinal Vaughan took part in the service.

The Royal Institute of British Architects celebrated its sixtieth anniversary, on July 2, with a dinner at the Hôtel Métropole. The president, Mr. Penrose, occupied the chair. Among those who took part in the proceedings were the Dean of Rochester, the Bishop of Ely, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre,

M.P., President of the Local Government Board, Lord Kelvin, and Sir F. Leighton.

At Marlborough Street Police Court on July 2, Paul and Susannah Közula were again brought up charged with the murder of Sophia Rasch, the wife of a restaurant keeper, in Shaftesbury Avenue, on the night of May 25, and having stolen money and jewellery of the value of £90. George Schmerfeldt, waiter, was charged with being an accessory to the murder and robbery. Several witnesses having been called, the prisoners were remanded.

The new President of the French Republic, M. Casimir-Périer, on Tuesday, July 3, communicated to the Senate and to the Chamber of Deputies his inaugural Message. He says that he is not the man of any party; he belongs to France and to the Republic. A hideous crime has deprived the country of that upright citizen who for seven years was the vigilant guardian of its institutions. It is the steadfast purpose of M. Casimir-Périer, at the end of seven years, to surrender his office to other hands. He will not allow the rights conferred upon him by the Constitution to be ignored or disused. France, secure in her self-reliance, trusting in her army and navy, and having just received touching tokens of sympathy from foreign nations and governments, can afford to proclaim her love of peace. True to herself, she will remain the great centre of intellectual light, of toleration, and of progress. The Legislature will consider all measures to develop her agriculture, industry, and commerce, and to fortify public credit. The Republic will not be disturbed by the barren rivalry of individual ambitions. It is the national outcome of pregnant thoughts and of noble passions. The heart of France has inspired its representatives with these ideas. The past has its lessons; but the triumph of those ideas is the future to which they look.

The German Emperor has given orders that his yacht the *Hohenzollern* shall be accompanied on his Norwegian

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

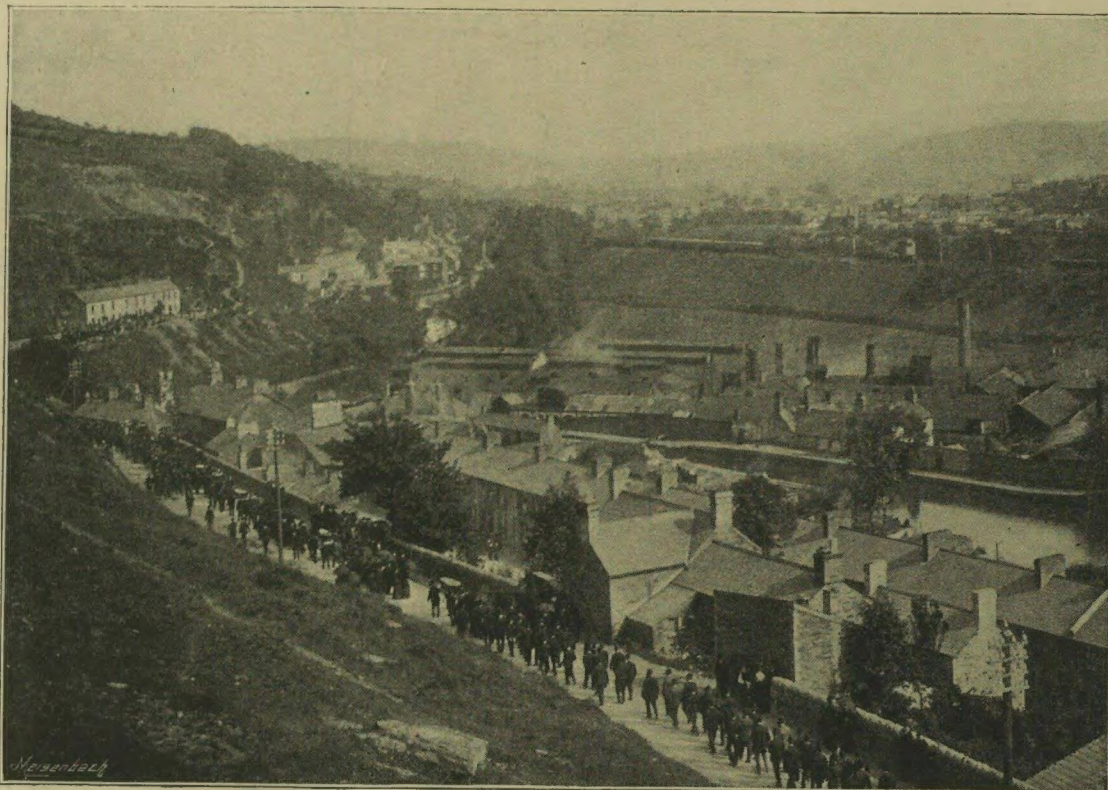
With the Budget through Committee, the Chancellor of the Exchequer may look back upon the vicissitudes of his measure with some complacency. The last division, curiously enough, reduced the majority to its lowest point, though there was not the slightest apprehension of defeat. On the beer duty the Government had a majority of eighteen, which on the spirit duty fell to thirteen. This was a certain consolation to the Opposition for the mishap by which Clause 27 was originally carried. One Wednesday afternoon the Unionist Whips were caught napping. Their men did not come up to move the amendments on the paper, so the Chairman put the main question, and the clause was carried by a majority of 55. To save unpleasantness, Sir William Harcourt consented to discuss the clause over again, and the majority which had been swollen beyond all decency was restored to its proper proportions. This victory was of course due to the Nationalists, who, disliking the spirit duty, accepted it rather than dislodge a Home Rule Government. But the curious thing is that a Budget which, on its most crucial issues, has been supported by majorities of fourteen, eighteen, and thirteen, and which will be read a third time probably by a majority between the highest and lowest of these totals, is certain to become law. The House of Lords cannot meddle with the Budget, but it is quite certain that any other contentious measure passed through the Commons by such narrow majorities would get short shrift in "another place." The argument then would be, and, indeed, has already been, that the Government have no such mandate from popular opinion as warrants sweeping legislative changes. Here, however, is a Budget which completely revolutionises the national finance, and which, according to the Duke of Devonshire, imposes intolerable burdens on

the owners of landed property; yet, although it is carried in the Commons by a handful of votes and has no special demonstration of public opinion to back it, there is no question that it will receive the royal assent.

Sir William Harcourt has made some important concessions, and one of them is the new clause which deals with Colonial property. As the Bill originally stood, a colonist domiciled in the United Kingdom was liable to pay the new estate duty on property in the Colonies. It was pointed out that if a similar duty were levied by the Colonial authorities, this kind of property would pay twice over. The new clause provides that when such property becomes liable for estate duty to the British exchequer the residuary legatee shall be entitled to deduct from this liability the amount payable to the Colonial exchequer. Mr. Goschen said this did not go far enough, but he would not vote against the clause. Whereupon Mr. Gibson Bowles withdrew divers amendments on the ground that the "right honourable gentleman below me had given away the case." As he said this, Mr. Bowles drew up his

coat-tails, preparatory to sitting down, with an indignant flourish, which was greatly enhanced by the sudden display of white ducks. At this season of the year the member for King's Lynn is wont to appear in these radiant garments, which, like the "white samite, mystic, wonderful," impart to his general appearance an air of ethereal grandeur. Mr. Hanbury endeavoured to prolong the situation by asking the Chancellor of the Exchequer to say what the words "British possession" in the clause might mean. Sir William Harcourt replied that a "British possession" meant anything that Britain possessed, a lucid definition much applauded on both sides of the House. The Chancellor added that whenever it was possible he avoided the use of lawyer's language, which always had the effect of making that obscure which without it would be very plain. This sally was pointedly addressed to two of Sir William's colleagues, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Fowler, both lawyers, whose reception of the joke seemed to increase the general hilarity.

In addition to the perplexity of the ordinary affairs of the nation, the House has been regaled with conundrums. The Government have made with the Boers what the Colonial Office calls a convention. "Is a convention a treaty?" demanded Mr. Darling, always alert on topics of the smallest consequence. "I suppose it is," replied Mr. Sydney Buxton. "Then why do you call it a convention?" asked Mr. Darling in triumphant tones. This is one of those feats of intellectual agility which remind the electors of Deptford that their member is more than a match for the Government. A more complicated riddle was started by Mr. Chamberlain. Was it true that when he accepted the Chiltern Hundreds Mr. Bernard Coleridge was actually a peer, by right of succession to his father; and, if so, was there not a subtle danger that a peer in similar circumstances might stick to his seat in the Commons? The reasoning was abstruse, but of course it started the Eldest Sons on their favourite topic. Why should they not remain in the House of Commons even when they do become peers? A Select Committee is to be appointed, and perhaps it will tell us whether the Eldest Sons of peers must always suffer the doom of the sacrificial coronet.



FUNERAL OF MINERS KILLED BY THE COLLIERY EXPLOSION NEAR PONTYPRIDD, SOUTH WALES.

trip not only by the dispatch-boat *Meteor* but also by two torpedo-boats.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, with the Empress, is visiting the Tyrolean Alps, and has been staying at Trent.

At Leghorn, on Sunday, July 1, Signor Bandi, the Italian journalist, was stabbed to death in revenge for his articles against Anarchy after the assassination of President Carnot. His funeral was attended by Admiral Brin, Minister of Marine, General Pelloux, Minister of War, and the civil, military, commercial, and judicial authorities of the town.

In the United States of America many thousands of men on the railways of the Mississippi and Ohio and Western States have struck and formed a conspiracy, by force, to obstruct the lines and to seize trains and stations. The traffic and the mails are stopped, causing immense loss, especially to the cattle and meat trade of Chicago.

The United States Federal Government, as the State Governments are impotent, is now taking vigorous measures to enforce the laws and move the mail trains. Troops are being sent to various places to break the blockades established by the strikers. At St. Louis and at two or three points in Colorado the strikers appear to be in the ascendant. Endeavours are being made to cause trouble on the lines between Pittsburg and Chicago.

THE COLLIERY DISASTER IN SOUTH WALES.

At different burial-grounds in the neighbourhood of Pontypridd, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 27 and June 28, nearly 260 bodies of men who had perished in the terrible explosion of inflammable gas at the Albion Colliery, at Cilfynydd, were interred, the funerals being in many instances conducted jointly at the same place and time, with a common following of neighbourly mourners to accompany the bereaved families. The whole district, indeed, seems to have felt this great affliction, and much compassion is expressed for the numerous widows and children. There were still, at the end of the week, some bodies not yet recovered, and the number of the dead is believed to be nearly three hundred.

PERSONAL.

The Prince of Wales is believed to have originally intended to be present at President Carnot's funeral. He telegraphed to Lord Dufferin to ask the date. It is a pity that he was dissuaded from going to Paris, where his presence would have made a very deep impression. As it is, the universal sympathy with France has made M. Carnot's funeral the symbol of more peace and goodwill than Europe has known for many years. This is eminently gratifying to everybody except the Anarchists.

No stroke of statecraft for many years has commanded such enthusiastic approval as the release by the German Emperor's order of two French officers who were sentenced last year to long terms of imprisonment for espionage in German territory. They actually chartered a steamer, and made drawings of the fortifications of towns like Kiel. The Kaiser has set these men at liberty as a proof of his sympathy with the French Republic in its great bereavement. So gracious an act has naturally touched the French people very keenly, and the German Emperor is actually popular in Paris. This sentiment may not last, but it will leave pleasant memories.

The University of Cambridge, on Wednesday, June 27, was visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of York, and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales. There was a procession to the Senate House. The Duke of

training which they could not have received otherwise, not even from a face *masseuse*, and my lungs have become actually powerful." This is a little too athletic for the average young woman; but she might find a little private whistling every day, during the toilette, let us say, a sufficiently invigorating exercise.

The endowment of research is munificently illustrated by Mr. Ludwig Mond, of the firm of Brunner, Mond, and Co., who has given the Royal Institution the adjoining house in Albemarle Street, to be used as a laboratory. Mr. Mond has endowed this annexe of the Royal Institution with an income sufficient to pay the salaries of a scientific staff and all incidental expenses. Unlike some benefactors, Mr. Mond has no desire to immortalise his own name in connection with his gift. The house in Albemarle Street is to be called the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory.

Since Mr. Harry Furniss's adventure with the snake in Regent's Park the inhabitants of that quarter seem to have lived in a state of palpitation. There are almost daily anecdotes of gigantic reptiles. One citizen describes how he and his blameless family were taking tea when a snake two feet long appeared "frisking on the lawn." Fortunately a fowl arrived on the scene, and did battle with the fearsome stranger, destroying him in ten minutes. We can imagine the spectacle: the citizen and his family seated in terror and suspense while the heroic fowl saved them from

Inns of Court, to which the post is attached, but by the public generally. Canon Ainger's qualifications for this distinction are manifold, and have been recited in most of the papers. He is an excellent preacher, a sound scholar, especially well versed in English literature from Shakspeare to Charles Lamb, and he is a true humorist in the best sense of the word. It is perhaps known that in bygone years, at all events, he could sing an excellent song; but it is perhaps less known that he also appeared as an actor. When still a boy he took one of the small parts in Wilkie Collins's "Frozen Deep," and in some other of the Christmas plays performed by Charles Dickens's family and friends at Tavistock House for several years in succession.

Most people must be unfamiliar with the Hausa Association, which met this week under the presidency of Sir Albert Rollit. The object of this body is the study of the language and customs of the Hausas, a people in Central Africa, who are not strangers to Mr. Stanley and Consul Johnston. There is even a Hausa student who has been in England for some time, and is going back to Africa to tell his countrymen what tremendous fellows we are at home.

The death of Lord Charles James Fox Russell, at the age of eighty-seven years, removes one of the few remaining links with the Parliament of sixty years ago. Those who can



Duke of Devonshire. Prince of Wales.

Bishop of Ely. Duke of York.

Photo by Stearn, Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE HONORARY DEGREES: PROCESSION TO THE SENATE HOUSE.

Devonshire presided as Chancellor. A Latin address of welcome to the Royal Agricultural Society was delivered by Dr. Sandys, the Public Orator. The Duke of York, Mr. Alexander Peckover, Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Cathcart, and Sir John Thorold, President-elect of the Royal Agricultural Society, were presented to the Chancellor. Honorary degrees were conferred on Sir John Lawes and Sir Joseph Henry Gilbert (agricultural chemists), Mr. Albert Pell, and others.

Among the happiest men of his time the Dean of Christ Church can scarcely be numbered. The groves of Academe are still reverberating with the echoes of the riot at Christ Church a few weeks ago, and of the disapproval excited by the Dean's measures of discipline. The *Times* publishes a letter, signed by the Duke of Buccleuch and others, formally indicting the Dean's conduct as a miscarriage of justice. A number of undergraduates were "sent down" who admittedly took no part in the riot, but were held responsible because some of their guests were said to have joined in the pastime of window-breaking. As the real organisers of the disturbances escaped, this method of dealing out punishment has naturally given no little offence.

If women want to enjoy good health why don't they whistle? This is not a jest, but a serious piece of counsel given on the authority of Mrs. Alice Shaw. For the last eight years Mrs. Shaw has literally whistled for her livelihood. Here are the physical results. "My chest measure has increased four inches, my throat measure three inches, and my lung measure five inches. The muscles of my neck and of my face have had a course of

martyrdom. When Socrates was dying he was understood (so Plato says) to make the ironical request that a cock should be sacrificed for him to Æsculapius. But that citizen of Regent's Park will regard his bird as a sacred preserver, to be stuffed after natural death, put into a glass case, and handed down to posterity as an heirloom.

The Tower Bridge is a fine piece of engineering, but is it beautiful? This question promises an interminable controversy. To many people the bridge is really gratifying in an æsthetic sense because of its handsome towers. But these very towers are a mortal offence to a moralist who writes in the *Builder*. He says the bridge is a monstrous sham because the masonry of the towers hides the iron structure which forms the real strength of the Bridge. The moralist would prefer the iron without its envelopes of stone, because it would be "honest." Evidently the Nonconformist conscience is callously indifferent compared with the architectural conscience.

Mr. Frank Smith, who contested the Attercliffe division as a Socialist, was first known to the public through his quarrel with General Booth. He held an administrative post in the Salvation Army, and dissenting strongly from the financial policy of his chief, he resigned, and was for a time the hero of a lively controversy. Then Mr. Smith became associated with Mr. William Saunders, to whom he acted as secretary, and his Socialism was further stimulated by the influence of Mr. Keir Hardie. Mr. Smith succeeded Mr. Fox Bourne in the editorship of the *Weekly Dispatch*.

The preferment of Canon Ainger to the Mastership of the Temple will be received with approval not only by the

recall the erect and striking figure of the Serjeant-at-Arms who carried the mace in front of Speakers Shaw-Lefevre, Denison, and Brand, will admit that an interesting figure has gone from us. Lord Charles Russell, who was half-brother of Lord John Russell, bore the name of the great Whig statesman with whom the House of Bedford was politically allied. Charles James Fox had died some months before Lord Charles Russell's birth. He served in the Army for some years, and eventually became a lieutenant-colonel of the 60th Rifles; but the whole of his active life was passed in the House of Commons. On the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832 he was elected for Bedfordshire and sat undisturbed until 1848 in the Liberal interest, when he was transferred to the still safer seat in the box which faces the Speaker. This seat he occupied with dignity and unvarying courtesy for more than a quarter of a century. His knowledge of men was remarkable, and his fund of reminiscences inexhaustible. It is in measure due to Lord Charles Russell's varied knowledge that his son, Mr. George Russell, owes the reputation of being the best raconteur in London Society.

One of the most artistically decorated buildings on the route of the royal procession towards the Tower Bridge was that of the Mazawattee Tea Company. "Not content with a splendid display of bunting, this enterprising house had two grand stands, whereon nearly a thousand guests enjoyed a sight of the royalties while listening to choice selections by the band of the Royal Artillery. The Mazawattee Tea Company issued a coloured programme of the proceedings, and treated their numerous guests with delightful hospitality.

OPENING OF THE TOWER BRIDGE, SATURDAY, JUNE 30.



FIRING A ROYAL SALUTE FROM THE GUN WHARF AT THE TOWER.



BY MRS W. K. CLIFFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY G. P. JACOME-HOOD.

AUTHOR OF "MRS. KEITH'S CRIME," "AUNT ANNE," &C.

EVERYONE on Shooter's Hill had known Katherine Kerr by sight since she was six years old. She seemed to be always walking up or down the great Dover Road—that wonderful road that stretches from London, through New Cross and Lewisham, across Blackheath, over Shooter's Hill to Welling and Bexley, and away to the coast far beyond. Every morning she came out of the White House, that was hidden among the trees, at the corner of the little road that leads to Severndroog, and walked down the garden pathway with the beeches overhead, opened the iron gate and came out on to the high road. Close to the gate was a well to which the inhabitants went with their pails in days of drought before the water company came to help them. Just below was the grey little church, and opposite was the post-office, established for many a long year at an unobtrusive general shop; and next to the post-office the 'Red Lion,' with its wide quadrangle and tea gardens that were almost rural. To the tea gardens, on Sunday nights, the soldiers from Woolwich and the Government servants from the Royal Military Academy brought their sweethearts, and sat with them at little wooden tables in trellis-made summer-houses, drinking beer. They grew jovial as the evening went on. Katherine listened to their snatches of song and the din of voices till darkness fell, and perhaps faint in the distance the bugle-call was heard: then gradually the merriment was hushed, and two and two, always a he and she, the Sunday crowds went down the hill and turned to the right towards the barracks. The little road they took was known as The Lane, and led to Woolwich: at one corner of it was a stuffed-bird shop, and on one side of the window were toys and story-books for children. Katherine looked in at them now and then, and hesitated before she spent a stray penny on "Jack and the Beanstalk" or "Cinderella." At the other corner were four houses standing in a block, known as Ordnance Terrace. In the garden of the first house there was a peach-tree trained up against the stable: and she used to see the flushed fruit among the long narrow leaves in the late summer, and think how good it would be to touch it with her fingers. Lower down was a plantation to which the Artillery men came in the morning to exercise their horses, and the clatter of hoofs, and the shrill bugle, and the rushing among the trees made her wonder if it was like a battlefield. Opposite, on the other side of the main road, was a wide expanse of gorse and blackberry bushes, the great trees of Severndroog and its ruined tower showing above them on the left; and on the right, beyond the Scrubs, as the tangle of bushes was called, a narrow road that led to Eltham went across the landscape, and far beyond it stretched the open country, showing the Crystal Palace in the distance.

In the morning, when she came out of the gate—every morning of her life from six to seventeen, save on Sundays and during the brief holiday periods—Katherine turned to her left and went down the hill, past the church on one side and the

inn on the other, past the stuffed-bird shop and The Lane that led to Woolwich, and the four houses and the plantation and the Scrubs. Then she came to where four roads met, or, rather, two branched off, right and left, the one on the left to Eltham and the one on the right to Woolwich, for the road behind her going upwards, and in front of her going downwards, was but the same great one. She used to stop for a moment quite punctually at a quarter past nine and look down the one that led to Woolwich, wondering if by chance the soldiers were coming and with them their band. If there was no sign of them she would look to the left towards Eltham. At Eltham was an old palace that had a moat, and on the edge of the moat a crane stood on one leg. She always lingered on the bridge leading to the palace to look at the moat and wonder what the crane thought about. She felt it had lived for hundreds of years, and remembered Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn dancing in the great hall that was now a ruin, and she wished she had been alive in those days to entreat the King not to cut off Anne's head.

But she never had time to linger at the cross-roads; the fear of Uncle Robert was before her eyes, still more of the tale-telling of Susan Barnes, who had looked after the house since Aunt Evelina's death. So leaving her dreams of romance behind she walked on half a mile and, just as she came in sight of the mile-stone in the distance, stopped at a long low white house on the left. The house had a little narrow garden in front and green Venetian blinds to its windows, that winter and summer were always open. This was Mrs. Barrett's school. Katherine went as a morning pupil, from half-past nine to one, and carried a mighty list of lessons back with her to learn in the drawing-room of the White House by Severndroog. She hardly knew her school-fellows, for Mr. Morris (her uncle) did not wish her to make friends, and allowed no visitors. But the school-hours were happy enough, for Mrs. Barrett was fond of the little lonely girl, and looked at her in a somewhat kindlier fashion than she did at the rest of her pupils; and once—this was when she was twelve years old—she gave her as a birthday gift a little black satin work-bag embroidered with forget-me-nots. Katherine kept it hidden away in a drawer, and thought it too precious a thing even to look at very often.

At one o'clock she sallied forth from her school along the road again, never forgetting to turn her head when she came to the turnings to the right and left, and went up the hill and back to the White House. Susan Barnes was always waiting with a sharp eye to see whether she had dust or mud on her shoes, and a quick injunction to get ready for dinner. After dinner—she ate it alone four days a week—she worked at her lessons till tea-time: then Uncle Robert came home.

"Well, what have you been doing?" he would ask. She answered nothing, for she was always in awe of him. "Behaved yourself, eh?" On Susan's answer depended the rest of the day.

"Oh, she's been tiresome, as usual," the woman would say sometimes "started five minutes late for school, and no

one knows what she did coming back—it was five-and-twenty minutes past one by the clock before she entered the gate, and then, instead of having her gloves on, she carried them all in a screw."

"Oh, that was it! I suppose you were thinking of the soldiers or watching for the band: well, that's to make you do it again!" and he would give her a cuff on the ears. Then she hid herself away to cry, but did not hate him in the least, for she remembered that just as he scolded her now so he used to scold her Aunt Evelina. It was only a matter of course.

If Susan gave a good report he would sometimes take her for a walk in the evening. They generally went up the hill; he and she and Martyr, the big black dog. The road as it ascended had been cut far back in the old coaching days so as to make it less steep for the horses. On either side was the high footway protected by a hand-rail, and behind it on the left she could see the top windows of old-fashioned houses standing a little way back behind tall fences and garden gates. On the right there were hedges and thick trees, bordering the grounds belonging to more important dwellings. Katherine used to think of the stage coaches as she walked silently beside her uncle, of the highwaymen, and the legends of Robin Hood and Maid Marian. On the top of the hill there was an old inn called The Bull, and a little way from the door, against a tree under which the coaches used to draw up, some white stone steps by which the travellers mounted to their places. When she had looked at the inn, she turned her head quickly in order to catch sight of a little path on the other side of the way that led through some woods and round by the back of Severndroog tower and over some fields to Eltham. There were many delights in the woods, for they were full of nut-trees, and in the autumn the nuts hung thick and green, and amid the bracken and briar and underwood the blackberries and wild raspberries trailed. Sometimes, if Uncle Robert were in a good humour, Katherine would push her hand into his—it was not till she was ten or twelve years old that she ventured on this little coaxing—and say, "Let's go through the wood." Perhaps he would say curtly, in a manner that made her feel how absolute was his power—

"No; I want to go another way." Then they trudged on towards Welling and over Shoulder-of-Mutton Green, and home by Plumstead Lane—a long walk for a little girl: it made her feet sore and aching. But there were compensations, especially in September when a flock of geese waddled over the Green; or in June when they went down Plumstead Lane and past the strawberry-garden. Once or twice in the summer after Mr. Belcher first came from town and went back again when he had had some tea and seen the view from the White House windows, Uncle Robert, in high good humour, took her into the strawberry-garden. Then she sat in a little summer-house and ate the reddest strawberries that ever ripened in the sun, watching the while some beehives in a far corner. She was afraid of the bees; but it was a

wonderful thing to think of the inside of the hives, with a bee asleep in each little cell. In the middle of the garden was a scarecrow made of two sticks put crossways and a coat and an old hat, with a mask for a face, and each armless sleeve had a strawberry pottle sewn to the end of it. It was worth being footsore and weary to go to the strawberry-garden, or even to pass it by, and to remember that she had seen the geese on the Green and the scarecrow, which was visible enough from the road, and the still beehive, all in one evening.

Or perhaps Uncle Robert would give in about the woods. Then they had a lovely walk: adown the narrow pathway under the trees till they came to the stile—a difficult, awkward stile that Katherine delighted in climbing—through green fields, and over a corn-field in which the poppies grew so thick she could have gathered an armful in two minutes but that she knew Uncle Robert would have strode on without waiting for her, and through the churchyard, against which there were some cottages, as though the dead and the living lived in friendly communion. Thus they went to Eltham, and from Eltham, when they had seen the palace and the crane, they walked along the road Katherine passed on her way to school, and so up the hill again to the White House.

But these walks were only in the summer. In the winter-

Katherine used to wonder, as they went up the hill in the cold, grey twilight of the winter, why so many people came to live in the world, and what they all thought about it, and whether they felt as she did, that it was full of mysteries and barriers. But after all, if life was occasionally a dull thing to her and some days had their blows or bitternesses, there was the expectancy of youth in her heart, and the waiting for the unknown that makes all things seem like passing clouds. The winter evenings were difficult to get through. She sat in the drawing-room alone, and was supposed to sew till eight o'clock; but she used to get up now and then to play at battledore and shuttlecock: for the drawing-room was not crowded with furniture like those of modern days, and there was a wide space between the round table and the grand piano. At eight o'clock she went downstairs to say good-night to Uncle Robert, and stayed in the dining-room to drink a glass of milk and eat three picnic biscuits before going to bed.

This was her life till she was nearly fourteen. Then one morning just as Uncle Robert was getting ready to go to town a letter came with many foreign stamps upon it: when he had read it he turned to Katherine with a face so drawn and strange that she was frightened.

"Go and fetch Susan," he said. Susan went into the

"And where has he been?"

There was some hesitation in Susan's manner before she answered—

"He has been in Australia, and other parts. He went away," she added with still more hesitation, "before you were born. He never thought to see him again, but he never thought to hear that he was dead: it was bad enough without that. Well, it killed his mother years ago."

"What killed her?"

"Mr. Richard. He did what was wrong and had to go away—they sent him away," she added in a low voice. "They knew he'd never come back, but they thought perhaps some day he'd be all right out there. He is no relation of yours, really," Susan Barnes added. "You belong to the mistress's side of the family: so you needn't think there's anything bad in your blood—not that there was in his either. What he did he was led to do."

"Susan," Katherine asked, "have I any relations besides Uncle Robert? I didn't know there was Mr. Richard."

"Not a soul that I know of. You were the daughter of the mistress's sister—half-sister she was, and years and years younger—and there were no more of them, but just those two. Mistress married master, and your mother married a clergyman, who died and left her with nothing. It was lucky for



So Katherine went up and put her arms round Susan and looked at Uncle Robert, who stood quite still and almost rigid by the table.

time her daily exercise was confined to going to and fro from Mrs. Barrett's, and sometimes in the afternoon to the post-office and back with Martyr; or, but still less often, to Woolwich with Susan Barnes to shop. When they went to Woolwich they did not go down between the stuffed-bird shop and Ordnance Terrace; there was a short cut higher up, a little steep way called Constitution Hill, that led into The Lane lower down than where it started from the main road. It came out opposite a public-house called The Eagle, that also had tea-gardens belonging to it. A man with a fair beard was generally standing at the door. He was called Harding, and as she went by he used to say "'Morning, Miss; is the master quite well?" She always answered "Yes, thank you, Mr. Harding," and walked on demurely beside Susan Barnes, who never condescended even to look at him: for though Susan seldom went to church she had very strong opinions, and considered that Mr. Harding was a publican and a sinner. The walk to Woolwich was an event in her quiet life—under the trees on the common and on through the white gate towards the Artillery barracks, with the wide field in front, and the Rotunda in the distance: sometimes the band was playing, or the soldiers being drilled on the parade as she and Susan went down towards the narrow streets of the town. If Susan's manner relaxed in the bustle of shopping, she would take Katherine into the confectioner's at Green's End, and say in her hard, respectful voice.

"Better sit down and eat a cheese-cake or two, Miss Katherine; it's a long way back."

dining-room and shut the door. Katherine did not dare enter in upon them, besides it was time to get ready for school; but when she came downstairs five minutes later, she could hear that Susan was sobbing, and her heart warmed to the stern old woman who had taken care of her since she was a little girl. She opened the dining-room door a little way and said softly, "May I come in?" And Susan answered in a kinder voice than usual, "Yes, come along, Miss, and you must not go to school to-day."

So Katherine went up and put her arms round Susan and looked at Uncle Robert, who stood quite still and almost rigid by the table, on which the open letter was lying.

"Mr. Richard is dead," Susan said. "I knew him since he was a baby."

"When did he die?" Katherine whispered, awestruck.

"We don't know," Susan answered, wiping away her tears, "but you must have a black frock before you can be seen about again. You won't go to town, Sir, to-day, I suppose?" she asked Mr. Morris.

"Yes, I shall go; I want to see Belcher." And slowly buttoning his coat, Mr. Morris went out and down the pathway to the garden gate with slow hesitating steps, as though he had been half-stunned.

"Ah," said Susan, as she looked after him, shaking her head. "He's had a blow from which he'll find it hard to rise. He thought he knew the worst, but he was mistaken."

"Who was Mr. Richard?" Katherine asked.

"He was your Uncle Robert's only son."

you that your Aunt Evelina took you. But for her, you hadn't a relation in the world nor a stock or stone belonging to you."

Then Katherine asked a question that had often puzzled her.

"Did Uncle Robert like Aunt Evelina?"

"Oh, yes, he liked her well enough; but he was always a hard man, and had his way wherever he went, and sometimes she'd sit down and cry about it instead of getting up and doing what he wanted. If he'd been a bit softer with Mr. Richard, things wouldn't have been so hard for himself now."

"Are they hard for him?" she asked wonderingly.

"Yes, and they have been, and if they hadn't it would have been different for you. He wouldn't have cuffed you so often—I believe he's fond of you in his way; but men are always hard on women: they've got the upper hand, and they know it—and the only thing we can do is to make the best of it. After all, they earn the money, and they've the right to be master." Then Susan went to the window and pulled down the blind.

"What is that for?" Katherine asked, for she knew nothing about death.

"It's for Mr. Richard—I wouldn't like to think we didn't make the house dark a single day for him. It may be months since he died, but it's only this morning we heard of it. You are all your Uncle Robert's got left in the world now, Miss Katherine. There's Mr. Belcher, he thinks a lot of him, and—"

The rest of Susan's speech was lost as she went upstairs to

pull down the bed-room blinds. Katherine felt as if she had looked out a little farther into the world, and had drawn back disheartened, for she had only learnt that Mr. Richard had gone wrong and died, and that Aunt Evelina had broken her heart.

Since she was not to go to school that day, she sat still for a while and thought about all manner of things that did not directly concern herself. For as yet she had not realised that she was anything more than a creature allowed almost as a favour to live in the world and look on at the people and the things that were in it. That she had an individuality of her own, and a life to live, a capacity to suffer and rejoice—that she was, in fact, heiress in common with the rest of her sex to all the possibilities of humanity—had not yet dawned upon her. She was only a lonely schoolgirl, whom experience had taught to submit, and whose sense concerning the future was just the curious one of waiting.

Susan's revelations, such as they were, drew her nearer to Uncle Robert. She had always wanted to like him, but had been half afraid. Now she knew that any harshness he had shown her had not been unkindness so much as an expression of many things he had suffered himself: she felt a little frightened tenderness towards him, and wondered if she could do anything that would please him. She remembered that there were some wall-flowers growing in the garden, at the far end behind the bank of laurel: she was certain he did not know they were there. She had stood over them every morning before he was down, and softly touched their petals: they felt like velvet, and she liked, too, the little close bunches of dark buds. Perhaps he would be pleased if she gathered some into one of the blue and white bowls, and put it on the square table in the middle of his bed-room. Once or twice her pupils had taken Mrs. Barrett a bouquet of flowers to school; one of them gave her a little brass bowl on her birthday filled with violets, and Mrs. Barrett had put it on the drawing-room table, and looked happy all day because of it. Perhaps Uncle Robert would be pleased too. So in the afternoon she took down the bowl and went to the garden without Susan seeing her, for she did not want anyone to know what she was going to do: she felt as if it would take away from its tenderness. She filled the bowl with water from the pump that was just outside the house, so full that it brimmed over, and went along the pathway under the beech and larch trees, and disappeared behind the laurel bank and put it down beside her while she gathered the flowers, carefully sorting the shades of brown. Then she rose up from her knees, and was about to carry it in her two hands back to the house. As she passed the back door, painted grey and with a little heap of stones beside it, that led out on to the main road, a key turned in the lock. Mr. Morris and a tall dark man of about two-and-thirty entered the garden so quickly that Katherine started and dropped the bowl, which scattered itself with the water and flowers at her feet.

"What does this mean?" Mr. Morris asked. "What are you doing?" She looked up at him with a white face and two blue eyes full of fright.

"I was going to put some flowers in your room—because you were unhappy," she said in a low voice.

The tall man with Uncle Robert almost laughed; she saw it and turned away.

"I thought you would be pleased," she went on in a still lower voice, as if she resented being heard by anyone else.

Mr. Morris looked at her for a moment in silence.

"Well, never mind," he said in a hard voice, "have that mess swept up: you oughtn't to pick flowers without asking leave. I don't want to see you again to-day." He walked towards the house without another word, and Mr. Belcher, as the other man was called, followed him. She stooped and gathered up the flowers in one hand and ruefully put the bits of broken bowl into a heap, and standing on the heap of stones, threw them over the garden fence into the ditch behind. Every morning for a week afterwards she used to see them on her way to school, till, unable to bear the sight any longer, she surreptitiously buried them.

Then she hid herself behind the laurels, and putting her gathered flowers a little way from her, gave way to bitter disappointment, till hiding her face in her arms on the little grassy bank, she broke down altogether, and sobbed. Presently she heard the sound of a footstep and started. Mr. Belcher was coming towards her with the amused expression still on his face.

"In disgrace, eh?" he asked, insultingly it seemed to Katherine. She rose to her feet and stood looking at him, while a strange dismay took possession of her. He was a tall man and dark, not thin, and with something determined in his gait. He had brown eyes, cold and large, and dark hair that had been carefully brushed and parted on one side; it was not thick, and it lay very close to his head. He had a rather long upper lip, closely shaven, a firmly shut mouth, and little side whiskers. Though he was only two-and-thirty he looked older, and like one a good deal taken up with the affairs of life: keen, and with an eye to main chances. There was something methodical in his manner and almost cruel in his expression: Katherine quailed a little before it, but did not know that she was afraid of him.

"I thought he would be pleased," she said sullenly.

"People are seldom pleased when you break their crockery: you should be more careful." She did not answer a word. He measured her with his eyes. "Why, you are growing quite tall, Katherine, how old are you—fifteen?"

"I am fourteen." He looked at her again.

"Come and walk round the garden," he said. She hesitated and did not move. "Come," he repeated with a little masterful smile, "a walk will do you good."

Reluctantly she went forward step by step, and walked beside him round the big untidy garden, under the beech and larch trees, beside the marigold-bed which did not yet show a sign of life, and towards the little clump of primroses that only she knew to be breaking into bloom. She would not even look towards it while she was with Mr.

Belcher, she felt it would be cruel to betray them to him: and luckily he did not see them.

"I should make something of this garden if the place were mine," he said almost to himself.

"Uncle Robert likes it as it is," Katherine answered in a low voice, her soul full of opposition to everything he said. They walked on again for a minute or two in silence, he still looking at her now and again with a curious smile.

"Shall I ask your uncle to forgive you for breaking the bowl?" he asked mockingly.

"It doesn't matter," she answered, the tears coming into her eyes again.

"If I were you I'd take care not to offend him; he has a good bit of money to leave behind, and if you play your cards well it may come to you now." He said it with a meaning look and a nod of his head that for some unknown reason made her hate him.

(To be continued.)

THE INTELLECT OF THE DOG.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In a recent American magazine Mr. Shaler discoursed of the intellect of the dog. In his opinion, man has done much to develop the dog's mental powers and processes, and man may do more. I cannot but hold that Mr. Shaler is wrong. The relations between man and the dog have been injurious to both: it is hard to say which partner has suffered most. According to Bacon, or some other writer, "Man is the God of the dog." A child may see, at a glance, that for a being so babyish, capricious, and unreasoning as man, this elevation into divinity must be pernicious. It brings out all man's worst qualities, just as being a god to men brought out the worst qualities of Zeus, Apollo, Quetzalcoatl, and other beings, who, had there been no men in the world, might have lived moderately useful and respectable lives on Olympus. We can hardly think of these gods without pity. It was we who made them what they were, by our adulation and humiliating submissiveness. "Society is responsible." I am sometimes told that I am responsible for the intoxicated person in the street, because "it is the fault of society," whereof I am a component part. I never could understand this theory, but it is certain that, had men not played a lowly part before the Greek gods, the morals of earth and Olympus would have been much better. The gods became as bad as George IV. or Charles II., the temptations were too great for them. Who can stand forth and say that he would have behaved any better? In exactly the same sort, the slavish dog awakes in man the spirit of absolutism, of despotic tyranny. He can do as he pleases with his dog, and he goes on to do as he pleases with his wife, his children, and everybody who will stand it. Again, the servile hound, by his persistent flatteries, rouses an exorbitant affection in many minds. Their dog comes first; he may bite, he may bark and annoy the neighbours, he may take (as he always does) the best armchair, he may get trodden on, and absolutely ruin our nerves by his cowardly yells of pain, and the owner recks not. The whole comfort of toiling humanity is nothing to a dog's owner's mind; his only thought is for his pampered minion. A dog is always in the way, by day or night. He distracts attention, interrupts conversation, makes your boots muddy, and introduces insects, "whence is derived the verb 'to flee.'" Thus the dog has demoralised man, and man has ruined the independence and the intellect of the dog. Naturally, no doubt, the hound started with as good brains as many other beasts. But he has grown accustomed to have all his thinking done for him by man. Vacant and indolent, he sits and scratches himself. If ever he starts a train of reasoning, he leaves off—to scratch.

Mr. Shaler says that the dog shows no sense "as to the nature of any mechanical contrivance." He does not even believe that a dog will lift a latch. Here he is wrong. I have known a greyhound lift the latch of a courtyard door at home. His motive was to get into the dairy, where there was, as he knew, a large roll of butter. He was next seen with butter melting in his mouth. It is not that a dog is a congenital idiot, as some maintain; it is that, as a rule, he gets his thinking done for him; every want is sedulously anticipated and supplied. As to "mechanical contrivances" and canine indifference, I am not blaming the dog. As Dr. Johnson said about clean linen, I have no fanatical partiality for mechanical contrivances myself, no interest in them whatever. I possess no theory of the common pump: that is for Cambridge men. I have no idea how a steam-engine works, and do not want to know. It is no affair of mine, nor are these things any affair of the dog's. He can, on occasion, use them. I have known a dog to pull the front door bell with his teeth, when he wanted to enter. He was a Newfoundland, named Oscar. The dog can do all these things if it seems worth while. I have known a dog who was a fetish-worshipper. If a certain porcelain statuette was placed before him, he exhibited every sign of superstitious horror. He was a collie, named Fingal; he was cowardly, superstitious, dishonest, but was the soul of friendship, and had a rare sense of humour. Dogs (as I have proved elsewhere) after death retain some power as "phantasmogenetic agencies." They have ghosts, and I presume, enjoy a future life. Thus I am in no way prejudiced against the dog; I make every admission, going even further than many philosophers. But the dog

has been ruined by association with man. He is devoured (like so many people now) by a craving for society. Human company he must have, or he becomes *ennuyé*. He cannot take a walk by himself, he must have a human being with him. Pampered and adulated, he cannot hunt successfully by himself. If you have ever seen terriers hunting rabbits, you must have observed that they do so most unintelligently. While silence is necessary, they yelp all the time. They give the rabbit every warning, and Brer Rabbit merely plays with them. They never catch him: they cannot even see him at a little distance. You cannot point out anything to a dog. You cannot direct his attention, he has so little of it to give. If left alone in a forest, the demoralised hound of civilisation would starve. In a natural condition, unspoiled by man, a dog can probably catch rabbits. Now, cats are far cleverer at killing game for themselves than the silly dog, who runs barking about. The dog has no tact. A barrister had a bull-dog, and that dog, otherwise peaceful, always pinned attorneys' clerks. He appeared to regard this as his professional duty, misled by what misapprehension I profess myself unable to conjecture. Yet, when his master took to literature, this dog never bit a critic. In brief, we have ruined the dog—he is a proselyte ten times worse than ourselves.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The English Church Union were to have before them on Wednesday a very delicate task. The Rev. H. R. Baker was to move that the E.C.U. should emphatically repudiate and condemn all criticism of the canonical books which tends to throw doubt on their substantial, historical trustworthiness, to impair their paramount authority in matters pertaining to faith and morals, or to impute ignorance, misapprehension, or error to the teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Baker's action is notoriously looked upon with disfavour by many, but the resolution as proposed seems ambiguous enough to be accepted by men of very different beliefs.

It is proposed that a memoir should be written of the late Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart. The Rev. Wayland Joyce has received his letters and papers and is collecting personal reminiscences. The book should be very interesting. Sir Frederick Ouseley did great things for the music of the Church.

The Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin, has been nominated by the Bishops to the office of Professor of Pastoral Theology in Trinity College, Dublin. The new Professor will have no successor as Dean of the Chapel Royal; at his death or retirement there will cease to be any State connection between the Dublin Court and the Church.

"Peter Lombard" tells the following profane story in the *Church Times*. It is fair to say that he fathers it upon a "correspondent," and that the editor of the *Church Times* puts it near the end of a column: "I was lately speaking of the great St. Jerome, and what a wonderful scholar he was. A young lady standing near, who had done well at her school, remarked, 'Wasn't it he that wrote "Three Men in a Boat"?'"

Well attended meetings are being held throughout the country in opposition to Welsh Disestablishment. At Nottingham the Bishop of St. Asaph said that the majority of the Welsh electors had never declared in favour of Disestablishment, 53 per cent. of the electors at the last contested election having voted for Conservative candidates or not at all.

The drift of Nonconformist opinion is decidedly setting against Lord Rosebery's connection with horse-racing. For this Mr. George Moore is in some degree responsible. His story "Esther Waters" is being widely read in religious circles, both Church and Nonconformist.

The Bishop of Norwich has been giving his clergy very sensible advice about Parish Councils. It may be summed up as follows: It would not be wise in a clergyman to put himself forward directly or indirectly as a candidate for the Council, or consent to stand if he were only a nominee of a party, or if there were any strong opposition to him. This would tend to accentuate differences, and, in the minds of some, to produce or foster alienation. It would be very undesirable that the parish minister should be an unsuccessful candidate. But if there is a general wish that he should serve, and if he feels that he would go upon the Council as the representative of the great majority of the people, than he should frankly place himself at the service of his parishioners.

V.

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LYING IN STATE OF PRESIDENT CARNOT AT THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE.

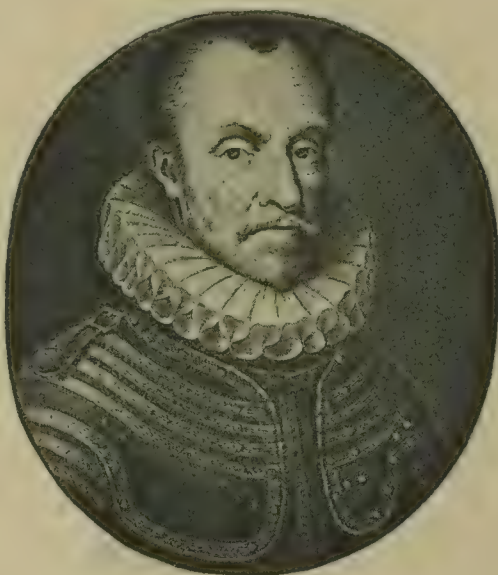
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, M. Forestier.

This room was reserved for the family, and was not accessible to the general public. Several pupils of the Ecole Polytechnique mounted guard, with drawn swords, and an officer of the military household was present. Two Sisters were praying; and at the Prie-Dieu in the foreground Madame Carnot knelt.

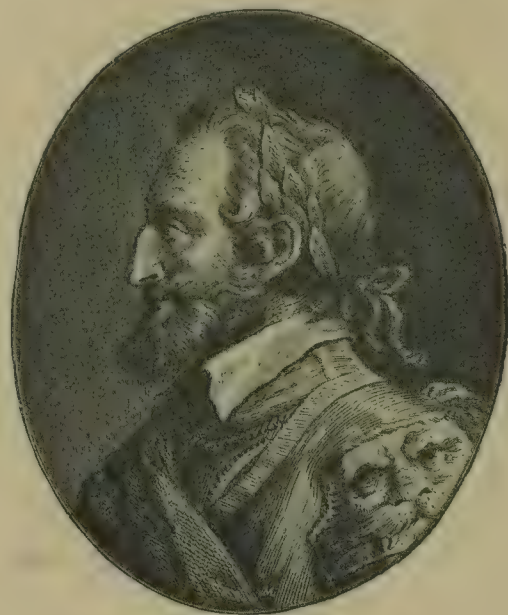
ASSASSINATED RULERS OF THE WORLD.



KING HENRY III. OF FRANCE.
STABBED BY JACQUES CLEMENT, A FRIAR, 1589.



WILLIAM I., PRINCE OF ORANGE.
SHOT BY BALTHAZAR GERARD, AT DELFT, 1584.



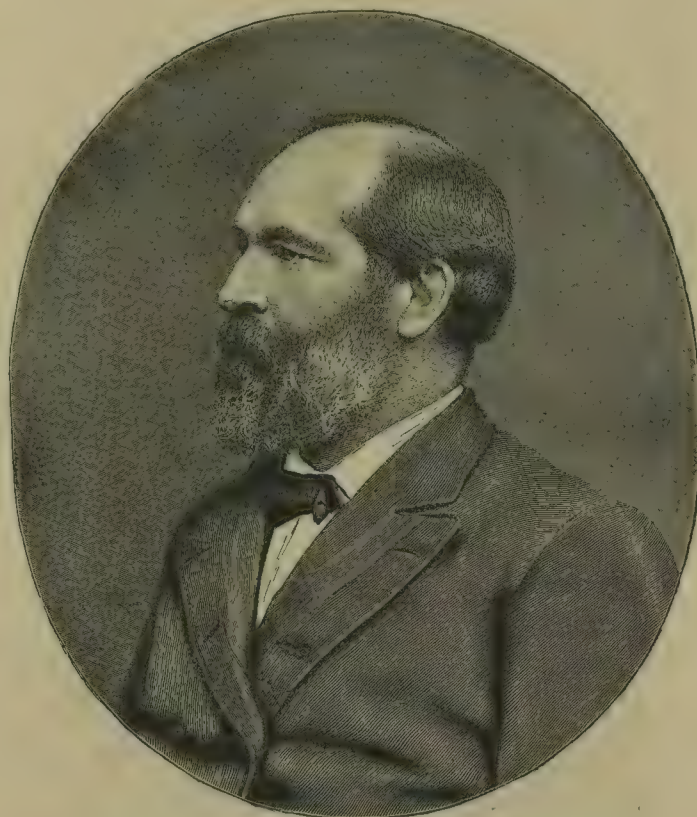
KING HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.
STABBED BY RAVAILLAC, IN PARIS, 1610.



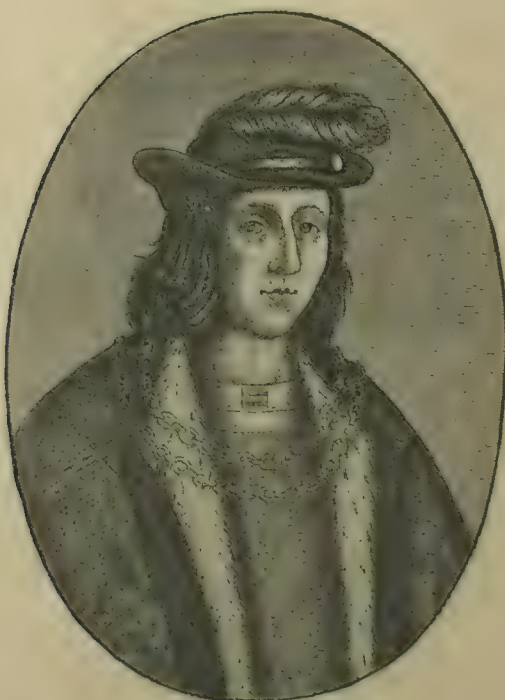
ALEXANDER II., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.
KILLED BY A DYNAMITE BOMBSHELL, AT ST. PETERSBURG, 1881.



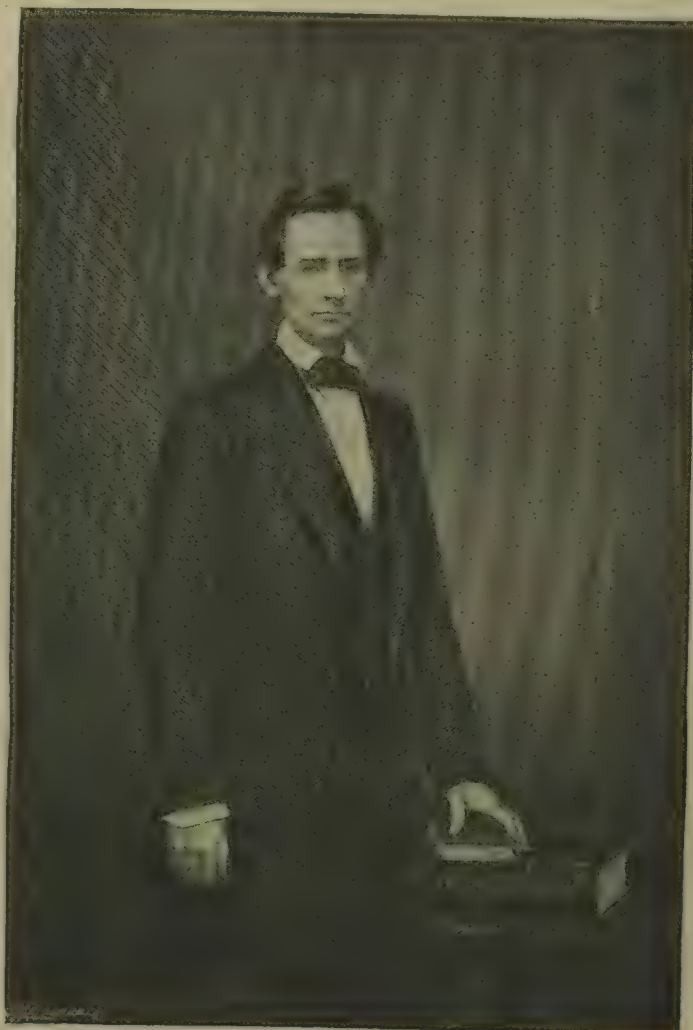
GUSTAVUS VASA, KING OF SWEDEN.
ASSASSINATED BY NOBLES, 1500.



GENERAL J. A. GARFIELD, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
SHOT BY C. J. GUITEAU, AT WASHINGTON, 1881.



KING JAMES III. OF SCOTLAND.
SLAIN BY THE NOBLES, AT THE BLACKFRIARS ABBEY, PERTH, 1488.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
SHOT BY JOHN WILKES BOOTH, AT WASHINGTON, 1865.



KING JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.
SLAIN BY THE NOBLES, NEAR BANNOCKBURN, STIRLING, 1437.

A Private View.



Field Marshal



The Stva Groom's House.

A Norfolk Trotter.



Wolferton Church from the Stva farm.





OPENING OF THE TOWER BRIDGE: THE ROYAL PARTY EMBARKING AT THE TOWER FOR THE PROCESSION UP THE RIVER.

LITERATURE.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S "PROSE FANCIES."

What I think I value most in any writing of Mr. Le Gallienne's is the revelation that it makes of his own so engaging personality—a personality, it would seem, less endowed with shrewdness than with graceful fancy, less rich in strength than in good will, or how should we see him identifying himself even for a moment with the "new Party," with the visionaries of the specious manifesto, with the gushing High Church or the pedantic Nonconformist divine (dilettante to the very core of him) who has a violent, immediate remedy for all the social difficulties, simply because he understands not one of them? It vexes the sagacious to see, confused with this crew, a poet so agreeably imaginative, a writer of prose so flowing, finished, and delightful. Yet, remembering the generous impulse, we may forgive the mistaken judgment. A practical politician this writer of poetic and flexible prose is assuredly not; but let us be thankful for that which he assuredly is—a nature gentle and distinguished, a born artist, the exquisite practitioner of a too much neglected craft.

Mr. Le Gallienne's new book, his "Prose Fancies," constitutes by no means the strongest of his titles to remain with us in literature. "It is so unequal; it is confessedly so unconnected; so much of it suggests 'occasional' journalism—not literature that happens to be published in a newspaper, but the obligation to fill a column of the newspaper with that which may be literature if it can. Now in this respect, albeit it has many merits, "Prose Fancies" differs from the two small volumes which have, I hope, a place of honour on very many shelves. Great spontaneity and unity belong to "The Book Bills of Narcissus" and to "The Religion of a Literary Man." The first was wholly charming. Facile, yet restrained, flawless, yet apparently free, "The Book Bills of Narcissus," even more than Mr. Stevenson's "Inland Voyage," possessed the charm of Laurence Sterne. Two books should be read through twice annually by every lover of the art of prose, by everybody who is careful of distinguished simplicity and of nervous force in style. One of these is "The Sentimental Journey" and the other the book of "Job." And if "The Sentimental Journey" had not, as I suppose, been often read by Mr. Le Gallienne, then he had, with Laurence Sterne, that natural affinity which enables one to dispense, at times at least, with the direct influence; just as the "classical education" can be dispensed with, perhaps, by the man of taste, but by no other man with impunity. "The Religion of a Literary Man," less Sterne-like, was just as charming; for, though I do not for my own part know that, with Liddon, Lightfoot, Westcott, still or but lately with us, Christianity had any crying need to turn to Mr. Le Gallienne or anybody else for its Eighth "Champion," and though I do know that Mr. Le Gallienne will one day regret the dreamy inefficiency of his amiable section on the "Hereafter," the book, as a whole, remains a satisfaction and a joy, the wise protest of a soul not trifling against the shallow irreverence of the unimaginative, whose vision, strain their eyes as much as they will, must be of the Earth earthy.

But, as I say, the unity possessed by these engaging booklets—and something of the spontaneity besides—is wanting to the "Prose Fancies," which is a collection of essays without sequence; always readable, and often ingenious; often thoughtful too, and sometimes, what is better, penetrating—endowed, then, with the grace of intuition, so much more efficacious and refreshing than that which mere learning supplies. The book contains, for all these virtues, so many lines that Mr. Le Gallienne would, in the future, wish, not indeed, in any shame, to have "blotted," but merely, in carefulness, to have put aside. Along with the excellent there lies, alas! in the abundant measure, the slight and the unworthy, too insignificant, the temporary, that which has served its purpose as an evening "turn-over"—the word is journalistic—and which a writer of distinction should never reprint, not even in old age, when flatterer and parasite would have him, as we know, eagerly gather up, into the seven baskets full, the fragments that remain. But Mr. Le Gallienne is removed by a whole generation from that sad and lamentable time. Not yet, for him, the blustering issue—through another's hands—of worthless remnant and weary failure, incapable, one would have supposed, of impressing even the dull. Object though one may to the inclusion, in a book that is meant to last, of some things here that Mr. Le Gallienne has not remembered to omit, one need not name those things; one need not dwell on them; one is thankful for the presence of so pretty a bit of observation as the "Spring Morning," and of so chivalrous a fancy as the "Borrowed Sovereign," and of an allegory so delicate yet so unmistakable, so gay and fresh and so venomous, as the "Apparition of Youth." "Viragoes of the Brain" is wise and admirable entirely, and in it the essayist informs us that hereafter the brain of woman will be a joy to herself and to the world: "when she has got more used to its possession, and familiar with the fruitful control of it." At present it is beauty that serves her best. "White Soul," a spiritual portrait, may we not take it?—of a figure that has been near to him, shows Mr. Le Gallienne as that which he is bound to be—ever in love with the Ideal. That, in a day of common and materialistic aims, is part of his personality's charm. "I am not worthy of 'White Soul,'" says the author of the portrait. And then, "If God should covet 'White Soul,' and steal her from me!"

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

M. MONTBARD AMONG THE MOORS.

Our clever French artist, who handles the pen as nimbly as the pencil, has written a book, published in two languages simultaneously in Paris and in London, narrating the tour in Morocco, his sketches of which have appeared in this Journal. The volume, issued here by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., entitled "Among the Moors," is handsomely printed, and its attractive exterior, with a beautiful decoration on the cover, promises the reader some rarer entertainment than is

found in ordinary travellers' books. This expectation will not be disappointed, for the author has a remarkable power of describing scenes and figures, with startling vividness, in a brief, energetic, full-coloured style; and his overflowing humour, with the liveliness and shrewdness of his observations, keeps up a sense of personal companionship that cheers one in perusing the account of journeys through a strange country, abounding with dismal and ugly sights. The rhapsodical tirade against the whole Semitic race, which is called a preface, might well have been spared, being rather offensive in point of delicacy, and unjust to a vast portion of mankind, including not only the Moors and Arabs, but the Jews everywhere, in all ages, and the ancient Phœnicians and Carthaginians, with whom M. Montbard cannot be sufficiently acquainted to justify his reviling them so grossly. But all that he actually saw in Morocco is doubtless truthfully related; and we are glad to borrow the use of such keen eyes as his, and the aid of such a talent of effective word-painting, besides having the benefit of his artistic skill in the numerous drawings, to gain correct and forcible impressions of that land and its mixed population. It is unnecessary here to state the results of these impressions, since they are substantially identical with the purport of many notices that have been compiled from the works of five or six preceding authors, to accompany our frequent illustrations of the aspects and condition of Morocco. Justice demands, however, the testimony that M. Montbard is one of the most readable, and that he is a very amusing writer, genial, frank, and sympathetic in tone, perhaps a little too free with his personal anecdotes for English notions of good taste, yet with an engaging and interesting literary faculty, which ought to command success for this book. The tour which is narrated was from Tangier southward, along the coast, to El-Araish or Larache, thence inland, across the Sebou plain, to the cities of Mequinez, Fez, and Ouezzan at Wazan, returning by Al-Cazar to Tangier. These places must be in the recollection of many of our readers.

R. A.

A DAUGHTER OF MUSIC.

A Daughter of Music. By G. Colmore. (London: Heinemann.)—Novelists who choose music and the emotional effects of music for their theme set themselves an arduous task. They are met by the initial difficulty, or rather impossibility, of expressing one art in terms of another. You cannot translate musical sounds, any more than you can translate the rhythmic movement of the dance or the colours of a picture, into words. On the other hand, there is no difficulty in describing in words the actions and emotions which music excites. Thus you can say that "as the soft notes of Schubert's 'Ave Maria' fell upon the evening air her bosom swelled with religious ecstasy"; or that "the strains of the 'Marseillaise' quickened his pulse with patriotic ardour"; or that "the plaintive melody of 'Home, Sweet Home' brought tears into all eyes," and—so long as you know the tune—the statement will produce the impression at which it aims. But if you don't know the tune, words will not convey it to you, and the description of the influence it has on other people leaves you cold—or surprised. You are conscious of a disparity between cause and effect, for the simple reason that the effect may be adequately described, while the cause can never be. Hence a novel about music is apt to strike one as suffering from the same defect as Thackeray's lectures, according to his candid friend, Arcedeckne—"I tell you what it is, Thack, you want a piano." The musical novel wants supplementing by musical illustration. One feels this want in reading Mrs. Colmore's "Daughter of Music." The book abounds in such passages as this: "He ran through a few modulations, and glided into a nocturne of Chopin's in a minor key. The changing time, the restless striving, the modern spirit of the music, touched something in Rhoda Wichelow's spirit that breathed a change upon her face. A vague excitement mingled with the exaltation of her look, her nostrils dilated, her curving lips parted, the wonder in her eyes became an eager expectation. He played on, and the clasped hands were loosened; one was half raised, and one foot stopped half a pace before its fellow; she stood, while the complaining music filled the room, still with her head a little thrown back as if in the act to advance, and yet was motionless." Now, if one could only listen, with Rhoda, to that nocturne of Chopin's one might be in sympathy with her emotion; but one cannot, and so one finds Rhoda's emotion a little difficult to comprehend. There is a sense of disproportion between cause and effect.

This disproportion is apparent enough in what may be considered the normal case—i.e., where musical effects exhaust themselves in mere emotion, in a passing mood of pleasure or pain. How glaring, then, does it appear in a case so abnormal as that presented by "A Daughter of Music," where music becomes a sort of demonic force, provokes instant action, disintegrates character, and leads to tragic catastrophe! To make such seismic results plausible, the author has to postulate a new sort of neuropathic temperament, a temperament so morbidly sensitive to musical influences as to come perilously near to insanity. Indeed, Rhoda Wichelow is, in the strict sense of the term, a melomaniac. She is a woman of hard, narrow, Puritanic training, of simple piety, with a firm sense of duty, and, what is more, with a husband; yet, when the devil, or, as Master-Builders Solness would say, the "troll" of music enters into her, she turns her back upon herself, abandons piety and Puritanism and duty and husband and all, to elope with a musician who has fascinated her with Chopin's sonatas in a minor key. This is a large order on one's credulity, and one can only meet it, in the usual way, by declaring Rhoda a figure of romance. Her musical lover, Anthony and her lurid, Satanic husband, Paul, are as romantic as she; the whole scheme of the book—three colossal figures isolated on a heath, with a chorus of villagers heard in the distance, and no background at all—is romantic. Paul, the husband, is quite fantastically romantic. He devotes a lifetime to taking revenge on his wife's lover through the silent torture of the wife herself. The wife he addresses in this way: "You have seen that the force of the wind is a

silent force; when its path is free it makes no sound. So shall it be with the punishment that you shall take and I will give. It will be unseen and silent; yet it shall not fail to sweep on through all your life"—and the lover thus: "Look here, Anthony Dexter, when the Almighty pitches you and me into hell, I don't know that the devil will take more pride in one of us than the other." Now, it is quite true that "people don't do these things," as Judge Brack puts it, or say them either; but, once in the region of romance, one may accept them, provided only the romance be good, and there can be no two opinions about the excellence of Mrs. Colmore's romance. It has marked freshness and individuality, it has power and that sense of grim ironic destiny, of the inevitable chastisement of mortal frailty, which we are wont to associate with Greek drama. For the matter of that, Mrs. Colmore's method often strikes one as pre-eminently dramatic, as being conceived scenically in three dimensions, rather than narratively in two—as e.g., when Paul is prevented by his wife from executing his project to murder Anthony; and in the final catastrophe of the book, a catastrophe none the worse dramatically because it resembles that of Ibsen's "Ghosts." The very absence of background, environment, atmosphere—otherwise no merit in the book—tends to give it an air of drama rather than of novel. There are plenty of good reasons against luring novelists to write for the stage; but I cannot resist the conviction that Mrs. Colmore is one of the few who might profitably be invited to try that difficult adventure. Meanwhile she has achieved what is perhaps only less difficult—a strong, original, thought-compelling and nerve-thrilling romance.

A. B. WALKLEY.

LORD LYTTON'S POEMS.

Four of Lord Lytton's volumes of poetry, "Lucile," "King Poppy," "The Wanderer," and "Marah," have been deemed to possess alike sufficient merit and sufficient poetical unity for separate publication. From the remainder the pious care of his daughter has made a selection (*Selected Poems*, by the Earl of Lytton, Longmans), which might very well have occupied two volumes instead of one, had poetical merit been the only consideration. But it has been judged, and no doubt wisely, that in an age so prolific in literature as our own, he gets forwardest who has least to carry. *Bisogna ir lieve al periglioso varco*. "Chronicles and Characters," "Fables in Song," and "After Paradise" have been the most liberally drawn upon. "Glen-averil" is represented by a single episode, and "Orval," somewhat to our disappointment, is untouched. Enough is given from the author's first volume, "Clytemnestra and other Poems," to indicate its extraordinary promise, had not so much of it been imitative. This delicate point is handled with great candour, as well as great ability, in Lady Betty Balfour's most interesting preface. It is true that Lord Lytton is continually reproducing his predecessors; nevertheless, his own individuality was very distinct, and he was very far from being a plagiarist. His extreme sensitiveness to literary beauty brought him from time to time under the spell of some choice exemplar, which he reproduced simply because his being was for the time saturated with it, as less cultured men have imbibed and reproduced the impressions of external nature. This is especially the case when his themes bear a close affinity to those treated by others. "Chronicles and Characters," for instance, might be described as throughout an adaptation of Victor Hugo. It is much less marked in the style which he may be said to have discovered for himself, the happy blending of poetic fancy with satire and irony. And hence, "King Poppy" and "Fables in Song," although not the most elevated of his compositions, are likely to prove the most durable. Many of his lyrics, especially in "The Wanderer" and "Marah," are also as individual in expression as genuine in feeling. To them a welcome addition is made in the fine poem entitled "Twins," published for the first time in the appendix to this volume. Whether much or little read, Lord Lytton's poetry will always retain a special niche in our literature as the fruit of the culture which is acquired by mingling with the world, in contrast to the scholarly culture of poets like Matthew Arnold, and as more cosmopolitan than that of any contemporary, perhaps any predecessor, of nearly equal mark.

R. GARNETT.

MR. LANG'S LATEST LILTS.

Ban and Arrière Ban; A Rally of Fugitive Rhymes. By Andrew Lang. (London, Longmans.)—"Sad or glad, my rallied rhymes," says Mr. Lang in dedicating to a lady his latest volume of verse, "for the sake of other times come to you." The public may be expected to receive the collection in the same spirit as the lady to whom they are offered—"for the sake of other times." In "Ban and Arrière Ban" Mr. Lang is not seen at his best. These verses, with their jest and jingle, occupy a middle place between his delightful ballades and his more serious work. "But the friends of long ago," as he reminds us in his dedication, "do not change," and most of these rhymes are old friends of the magazine reader. The best items in the little book are, perhaps, the two lilts to Mr. Stevenson, written in sturdy Lowland Scots and in the measure beloved of Burns. Like "Hugh Haliburton" and Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Lang is one of the very few Scotsmen that can write and think in the "mither" tongue with freedom, and here he is always welcome. Those little peculiarities of taste which may be called Langisms are well represented, especially in the jubilation of King Romance, as seen in the work of "H. R. H., R. L. S., A. C. D., and S. W.," and in the playful lines on the haunted homes of England. In the ballade of difficult rhymes we read—

I scorn with angry pantomime,
The thought of "move" (pronounced as *muve*);
Ah! in Apollo's golden clime,
Why, why are rhymes so rare to *love*?

Why indeed! For in a boat-song earlier in the volume, Mr. Lang forgets his angry pantomime and rhymes *above* with *move*. But he may wish the reader to amend this defect on the same principles as he invites him, in an *erratum* which may become classic, to put a thirteen-line sonnet on its feet.

J. M. B.

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

Politics in the month's periodicals are dull enough, but there is one stroke of humour in the *National Review*. Everybody familiar with political gossip knows that Mr. Chamberlain has lately had conferences with one J. L. Mahon, an organiser of the "Independent Labour" party. As Mr. Keir Hardie has repudiated all knowledge of Mr. Mahon, there is evidently some jealousy between them; at all events, here is the repudiated writing in the *National Review* as if he were a leader of men, and showing, with the exquisite naïveté of his class, the enormous self-importance which the condescension of Mr. Chamberlain has created in his mind. His aim is to prove that, although "independent," his party must have a working alliance with the Conservatives, with whose views of the situation he is in perfect accord. He is in favour of Church Establishments, a supporter of the House of Lords, and an opponent of Home Rule. Mr. Keir Hardie was lately a Home Ruler, an opponent of the Lords, and a Disestablisher; but when he becomes alive to the tremendous genius of Mr. Mahon as a tactician, he will probably readjust his opinions on those matters. Mr. Mahon's grievance against the Liberal party is that they do not keep faith, and that their manners are shocking. They will never learn rectitude, I presume, till they imitate Mr. Hardie's vagaries in public affairs, and the refined breeding of his speech on the address of congratulation from the House of Commons to the Duke and Duchess of York. On the whole, I suspect that Mr. Chamberlain will not greatly appreciate this disclosure of Mr. Mahon's progress as an "independent" opportunist, under the patronage and tuition of Birmingham.

People who have despaired of understanding what the Labour Commission has achieved should study Mrs. Sidney Webb's paper in the *Nineteenth Century*. It is a model of lucid statement and acute analysis. As a crucial illustration of the Commission's incompetence, Mrs. Webb cites the astounding fact that not the slightest effort was made to ascertain the effects of the eight-hours day on the trades in which it has been adopted. Whether this industrial expedient be right or wrong, it was surely the business of a Labour Commission to get all the attainable evidence on the subject. Yet it was not thought necessary to request the employers who have accepted the eight-hours day to appear as witnesses! Mr. Stead's narrative in the *Contemporary* of facts in connection with the industrial war in America may be commended to writers who assure us that the United States are almost free from the social question. In the same review there is an article by Mr. Escott, whose return to the literary field after a long and lamentable absence will be widely welcomed. The most interesting contribution to the *Contemporary* is Sir John Seeley's criticism of the insularity of our historians, who, for the most part, have treated English history as if this island had enjoyed a destiny unaffected by the rest of Europe. In the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Frederic Harrison writes an admirable appreciation of Gibbon, and asks very pertinently whether, a hundred years after that historian's death, it is not time that we had a complete edition of his papers, which have hitherto been jealously guarded by the descendants of Lord Sheffield, his literary executor. Even the writer in *Blackwood* who prophesies the decline and fall of dukes under Sir William Harcourt's Budget might be disposed to question the right of one family to treat as private property and carefully withhold from the world the unedited works of a great Englishman. We can get M. Paul Verlaine's notes in the *Fortnightly* of his first visit to England, which is curiously devoid of interest, at any rate in this form; and we have a most exhaustive account in the *New Review* of the philosophical process by which Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote "Arms and the Man," his play at the Avenue Theatre, which it seems nobody understands except Mr. Shaw and Mr. Walkley. But we cannot get the unpublished balance of our Gibbon. I learn from Mr. Shaw's article that no dramatic critic (save Mr. Walkley) knows anything about life, because he studies it in the theatre. Mr. Shaw has studied the life embodied in his play by reading Marbot, General Horacio Porter, and Lord Wolsley, whose works are, no doubt, inaccessible to the dramatic critic. I also learn that soldiers ought to be as free as ordinary citizens, and that Mr. Shaw has more respect for a regiment which mutinies than for a regiment which does its military duty. This is the real Shaw, unmixing with Porter, and playgoers who have seen his diverting piece will remember something of this kind among its less agreeable fantasies. It is characteristic, however, that the man who thinks an army could exist if it were composed of real Shaws should suppose that he (and Mr. Walkley) have an exclusive insight into real life. The *New Review* has three papers on the art of picture-posters by M. Jules Chérét, Mr. Dudley Hardy, and Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. The articles tell as little as the anecdotes which Mr. Oscar Wilde calls "Poems in Prose" in the *Fortnightly*, but they have the advantage of being illustrated, which Mr. Wilde has neglected. Everybody who has been in Paris knows M. Chérét's posters, and the specimen he gives in the *New Review* ought to be a joy to the London County Council. In the *Pall Mall Magazine* Mr. Meredith ends "Lord Ormond and his Aminta" by making Lady Ormond elope with the schoolmaster. It is a perfectly logical and most delightful consummation; though I am afraid Mrs. Lynn Linton will see in it another awful proof of the laxity of our degenerate times. There is a bright account by Mrs. Alec Tweedie in *Temple Bar* of Mrs. Linton's career, with some very charming instances of the native kindness which tempers that veteran's severity of judgment. In *Cassell's* Mr. Max Pemberton writes pleasantly about the pastimes of our public men;



LOVING CUP

Presented by the Corporation of London to the Prince of Wales at the Opening of the Tower Bridge. The lid of this Cup was used for setting the machinery in motion. Manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Regent Street.

and there is one of his best jewel stories in the *English Illustrated*. In the same magazine Lady Jeanne takes a pessimistic view of conversation in society. The necessity of talking to everybody is, as she justly remarks, conducive to triviality and boredom. Readers who associate Mr. Anthony Hope with the views of Mr. Samuel Carter will find a strong suggestion of that genial philosopher in this number; and there are capital tales by Mr. E. F. Benson and Mr. Robert Barr. *Blackwood* has a story which ought to be a ray of comfort to Mrs. Linton, for the lover begins his declaration thus: "Nellie, I have not come without your father's sanction." For the *Century* Mr. Marion Crawford shows how readable he can be when he is not writing novels, and the *North American Review* is remarkable for the illumination of one and the same number by Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett and Sarah Grand. L. F. A.

It is interesting, as showing the manner in which even in the direction of celerity the art of wood-engraving is being hard pressed by mechanical processes, to note that our double-page illustration of the infant Prince in last week's issue was reproduced by the well-known firm of process engravers, the Meisenbach Company, Ltd., West Norwood, in the short space of six hours.

Journalism has recently sustained two distinct losses by the death of Mr. Thomas Lane Coward and Mr. John Underhill. The former had been for forty years connected with the *Morning Post*, where he exercised kindly and clever control. Mr. Coward was sixty-eight years of age. A rising litterateur and a brilliant young journalist was Mr. John Underhill, who died on June 27, after an attack of brain fever. He came to London as private secretary to Mr. W. T. Stead, when the latter was at the helm of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with which journal he retained a connection until his death. Mr. Underhill represented this newspaper most efficiently at the prolonged sittings of the Parnell Commission. He was the author of various "character sketches" which have appeared in the *Review of*



DAGGER WITH WHICH PRESIDENT CARNOT WAS KILLED.

Reviews, and had acted for some time as private secretary to Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. Mr. Underhill edited the eighteenth-century poet Gay. He was rapidly rivalling Mr. Edmund Gosse in close acquaintance with the literature of this period. Mr. Underhill was twenty-nine years of age.

During the last few days there has been on view at the South Kensington Museum a specimen of modern English enamel work which deserves the attention of all interested in the revival of this branch of art work. The art of making enamel was practised in this country in the earliest periods of our history, as the specimen known as King Alfred's seal and other relics abundantly prove. For some cause the art drifted to the Continent, and, as is well known, found its most permanent home at Limoges, in the south of France. It is due to the present Director for Art, Mr. T. Armstrong, that an effort has been made at South Kensington to stimulate a taste for these beautiful productions. Under his influence, Mr. Alexander Fisher, formerly a National scholar in the Art Training School at South Kensington, has turned his talents in this direction, and the outcome is the beautiful blue enamel casket given to Mr. and Mrs. W. Tipping, of Brasted, on the occasion of their golden wedding. The prevailing colour of the casket is translucent blue, over which are scattered the *chiffres* of the husband and wife, whose portraits in grey enamel are on one side. The top of the casket, in green enamel, is sprinkled with the *chiffres* of the donors, whose initials also appear on the cartouches at each end.

NOTES ON THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

The Handel Festival has come and gone, and for another three years we shall not be privileged to enjoy the glorious choral feast that is served up on these unique occasions. The gathering of 1894 proved, as we anticipated, both interesting and successful. It will be memorable from the fact that in this year the total number of persons attending the festivals from the start passed the enormous figure of one million. Yet, curiously enough, the attendance at the meeting itself (76,406) fell short of that of 1891 by nearly 4400, and it was lower by over 11,000 than the highest yet recorded—namely, that of 1883. This sounds very serious, and hardly seems to justify our use of the word "successful," at any rate, from a pecuniary point of view. But it is just in the latter sense that figures in connection with the Handel Festival are absolutely misleading. The variation in the numbers is regulated entirely by the number of season ticket-holders who choose to avail themselves of their right of entry. Whether they come or stay away makes no difference whatever to the financial result. Crystal Palace statistics show that there has been a considerable falling off in the season-ticket element (so much the worse for Sydenham as well as the Palace Company) during the past few years; and to this may be safely attributed nine-tenths of the diminution in the latest record. On the other hand, the sale of reserved seats at the recent festival reached the maximum, and inasmuch as that is the real source of revenue, it may be taken for granted that the promoters of the enterprise are more than satisfied. The perfect weather, of course, contributed immensely to the general enjoyment of the festival, besides enhancing the brilliancy of what may be termed its social aspect. The sun poured its welcome rays on the great glass building from first to last; the ladies put on their lightest and brightest summer attire, and the *coup d'œil* of the central transept, especially as seen from the galleries, was, as of yore, marvellous and unapproachable.

We fully endorse the opinion which has been pretty generally expressed that the choir heard last month was the finest that ever sang at a Handel Festival. For this, in fact, we prepared our readers in our preliminary article a fortnight ago. The quality and volume of the tone were truly magnificent. The contraltos were especially fine; next to them came the splendid body of 788 basses; then the sopranos and tenors on about the same level. The balance, however, was faultlessly even, and such precision, such vigour of attack, such purity of intonation, and such delicate regard for *nuances* have never been surpassed on the Handel orchestra. None of the old points were missed in the "Messiah" and "Israel," and at least two new ones were scored on the Selection Day in the choruses from "Deborah" and "Jephthah," now added for the first time to the repertory. "Whatever is, is right" may under ordinary circumstances sound a somewhat dogmatical, not to say questionable, utterance; but, as thundered forth from three thousand throats with a simultaneous crash in the "Jephthah" chorus, it is not only grand but unanswerable. The effect was new, strange, and convincing. The unfortunate slip made in the performance of "Israel in Egypt" was one of those preventable troubles which are always the most exasperating. It was utterly inexplicable that a choir which had been doing such splendid work all the week should go astray over a simple entry like that which begins "And with the blast." Whether Mr. Manns was or was not to blame, for making a fresh start, it is difficult to say; anyhow, a breakdown had not absolutely occurred when the conductor stopped his singers, and it is just possible that if he had gone on a disaster might have been averted. Let us pass from this

contretemps to something more pleasant. At the festival of 1891 an otherwise excellent performance of "Israel" was marred by some very doubtful intonation in one or two of the great Plague choruses. It was then suggested in these columns that the shortcoming might be avoided in future by making the choir (to quote our own words) "sing some short piece by Handel, and so prepare for the proper intonation of the trying progressions which occur in the chorus 'And the Children of Israel.'" The

experiment is, at any rate, well worth trying, and we trust Mr. Manns will bear it in mind three years hence. Mr. Manns did bear it in mind, and placed before the oratorio the orchestral introduction and opening chorus from the Funeral Anthem composed by Handel for the obsequies of Queen Caroline, and afterwards known as the "Lamentations of the Israelites for the Death of Joseph." The result was completely successful. The ticklish choruses were sung without the slightest deviation from pitch, and, save as to the trivial blemish already referred to, the choir wound up its work with a complete triumph.

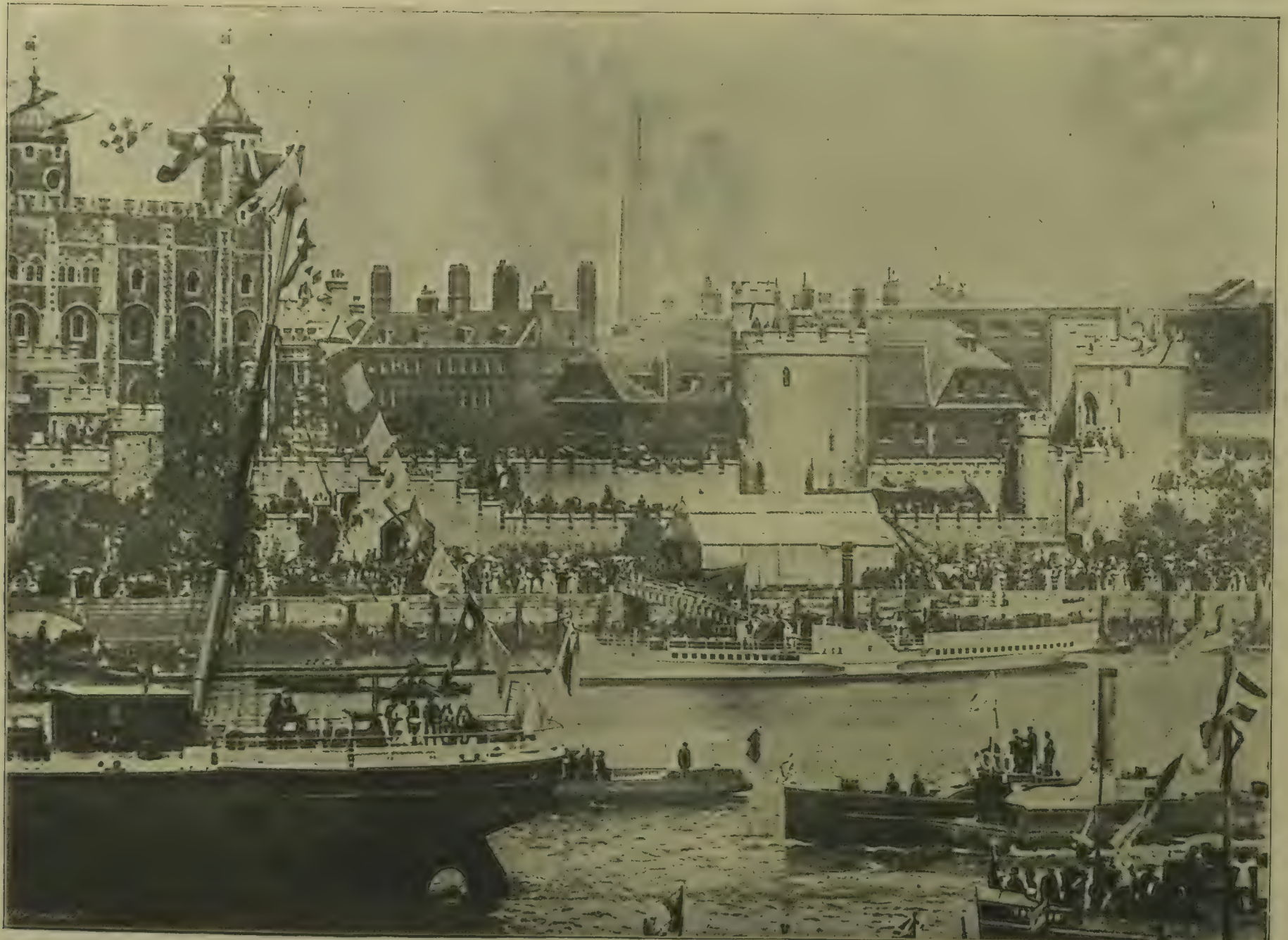
It was a wonderful orchestra—larger by some twenty players than that of the preceding festival, and as regards balance, if nothing else, a decidedly superior combination. One or two writers have found fault with the strings, but they must be rather difficult to please. We cannot imagine a richer or more satisfying quality of tone than was displayed by the 223 violins in that remarkable performance of the Sonata in A. Concerning the soloists, little need be said. Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Santley won their old triumphs over again, and Madame Albani sang—well, as she always does sing Handel—quite in a way of her own. The newcomers, with the exception of Messrs. Ben Davies, Andrew Black, and Norman Salmond, were distinctly disappointing. Madame Melba had obviously not studied "Let the bright Seraphim" under a Handelian teacher; Miss Ella Russell's style was painfully lacking in purity; and Miss Clara Butt was either out of voice or too nervous to do herself justice.

OPENING OF THE TOWER BRIDGE, SATURDAY, JUNE 30.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company.



THE ROYAL PARTY EMBARKING AT THE TOWER.

Photo by Symons, Chancery Lane.



THE HENLEY REGATTA: A FAR CRY TO THE LANDING STAGE.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Once more the holiday season is upon us, and some thousands of us will be scattered far and wide in search of health, recreation, and the means of recruiting for the workdays that are to come. I have been looking over the tourist programmes of several of the big railway companies of late days, and I can safely say that these corporations, whatever be their faults, cater for gentle and simple alike, in respect of holidays long and holidays short, in a manner that is nothing less than astonishing. Let any of my readers calculate, as I have been trying to do, what a man of humble purse, with, say, a couple of pounds in his pocket, can do in the way of a rational week's holiday, or recreation for ten days, and they will be surprised at the large share in the prospective enjoyment of the theoretical tourist which is contributed by cheap railway fares. Railway enterprise, I fancy, has never shown itself in a more favourable light than in this work of catering for the holidaying of all classes. Through bookings, through carriages, third-class luncheon, dining, and corridor cars, are all to the fore in assisting the tourist to travel far without fatigue. People who, like myself, are perpetually on the wing are the Oliver Twists of to-day, and are always crying for more. My cry is for third-class sleeping-carriages for through passengers. That enterprising line the Midland hires its third-class passengers pillows at sixpence apiece; only, in a crowded third-class compartment, what is the use of a pillow? A side in a third means half a crown to the guard, and though I am far from grudging the guard anything he may get in the way of tips, in this matter it were surely better for the company to give its third-class passengers a "sleeper" at once and complete their scheme of catering for the comfort of those who really form the backbone of the railway organism.

Talking of holidays, I am reminded that science has made an important contribution to the effects of holidaying and rest on the growth and nutrition of children. Dr. Schmid-Monnard, of Halle, has been studying the effect of holidays on the children of the poor and on bairns of a higher rank in life. It seems that in Halle they have an excellent system, whereby very poor children get three weeks' country life on the mountains in holiday colonies. Well, as the result of investigations made regarding the effects which these holiday periods have on the physical organisation of the children, Dr. Schmid-Monnard tells us that, taken all round, they showed after their country visit an increase in weight and in chest capacity such as would have taken a year of home life to produce. This is very interesting and instructive, for the obvious moral of the story is that holiday rest for children has not merely a temporary effect in the way of exhilaration and increase of vigour, but a permanent result in accession of strength and growth, such as counts for much—very much—in the sum total of their healthy development.

A further comparison showed that if a poor boy—say, of the age of eleven years—had enjoyed his holiday, he came back, despite all the disadvantages of his birth, nourishment, and social surroundings, quite equal to the better-class boy of ten years. This is a real gain, if we compare the two under their ordinary circumstances, when the poor boy lags much behind in his development. It is further pointed out that when in this way we increase the chest-development of the child, and give his lungs better play, not only do we lessen the tendency to consumption, but we also improve the boy's whole physical and moral character. People who, like Lady Joune, Mr. Pearson, and many others, are intent upon giving the poorer children a country holiday, may find a full justification of their benevolent work in the facts I have detailed. Science certainly encourages donations to the Fresh Air Fund for the children of the slums.

One of the real mysteries of biology is the effect of unusual and untoward conditions upon the developing animal. Talking one day with an eminent physiologist, he expressed the opinion that somebody should start a series of researches upon the results of meddling with the developing chick. He suggested that we ought to know what effect tapping the egg here and there at different stages of its development might have; what electrical stimulation would do to the hatching bird; what results would follow breaking the egg slightly here and there, and so on. I believe some researches of this nature have actually been instituted, although I cannot just at present find any reference to them.

I notice that M. Féré, of Paris, has undertaken researches of an allied kind to those I have indicated. He injects into the white of the egg certain substances such as alcohol, ether, essences and the like; while he has also subjected eggs to tapping and vibration. The general result of these experiments has been to show that when the natural process of development is thus interfered with, we find monstrosities to be produced. This is a first conclusion of importance. M. Féré tells us also that it is in the early period of development when physical interference with the egg's development is most likely to bear fruit. The first forty-eight hours of incubation form the period in question. After this time there is less chance of abnormal results being found. When injections were made into the egg after twenty-four or forty-eight hours, fewer monstrosities resulted; and if the experiments were delayed until after the seventy-second or ninety-sixth hour of hatching, they were attended invariably with a fatal result.

Now, these results are highly instructive, because they give us, I think, a clue to the reason why many experiments of allied kind fail. If we cut off the tail of many generations of white mice after they are born, as did Dr. Weismann, we do not as a rule (an American scientist professes to have succeeded here) get a tailless breed. We fail because we do not affect the developing young as nature affects it at the proper period of development, which, all things being equal, may be regarded as being an early stage of that process. It is very difficult to imitate nature exactly; and this fact should make us all the more careful in our scrutiny of investigations which fall short of their aim simply because they have not observed nature's conditions.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W T PIERCE.—We are very pleased to hear from so old and famous a contributor, and have little doubt the problem will prove attractive.
A E JAMES (Stepney).—We know of no club in the neighbourhood you mention.
F WALLER (Luton).—Your problem is too weak, you must study composition a little longer.
H S A (Worcester).—Try the effect of 1. Kt to Kt 3rd, K moves; 2. Q to K B 7th, and mates next move.
F ELLIS.—It cannot be done; 1. R takes B is the reply.
J SMYTHE.—As the alterations are numerous, it will be safer to send another diagram.
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2612 received from D A Lomer (Buenos Ayres); of No. 2616 from G A Thompson (St. Louis) and E W Brook; of No. 2617 from G A Thompson (St. Louis), W Henry Bargeant (Twin Oaks, U.S.A.), and E W Brook; of No. 2619 from T Roberts, Erdelgi Hirado (Szerkesztote), W E Thompson, E G Boys, and Bruno Feist (Cologne); of No. 2620 from Howich, C Butcher, jun., E G Boys, Hereward, W E Thompson, Ubique (Lyde), Bruno Feist (Cologne), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J Bailey (Newark).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2621 received from W T Pierce, H S Brandreth, R H Brooks, Hereward, Alpha, Shadforth, N Harris, J D Tucker (Leeds), W Wright, Bluet, L Desanges (Torquay), W R Raille, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), H B Hurford, C D (Camberwell), J W Scott (Newark), Martin P, Admiral Brandreth, G Joicey, Sorrento, R Worters (Canterbury), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), J Coad, W P Hind, T G (Ware), E Loudon, T Roberts, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), F Waller (Luton), W Mackenzie, F L H (Worcester), and W David (Cardiff).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF MR. LAW'S PROBLEM received from Martin F, R H Brooks, F Waller, Sorrento, and F Andrews (Glasgow).

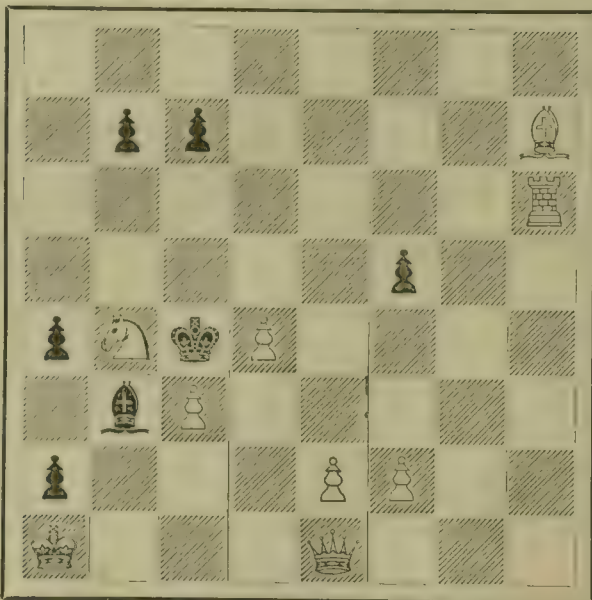
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2620.—By C. BURNETT.

WHITE.
1. Q to B 8th
2. Q to B sq
3. B takes Kt. Mate
If Black play 1. R takes B, 2. Kt to B 3rd, K moves; 3. R to R 4th, mate. If 1. Kt to B 4th, 2. Q takes Kt, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2623.

By CHEVALIER DESANGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

The following is the final game played in the match between MESSRS. STEINITZ and LASKER.

(Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. L.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th P to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
4. Kt to B 3rd B to K 2nd
5. P to K 3rd Castles
6. B to Q 3rd P to Q B 4th
7. Q P takes P P takes P
8. B takes P Q takes Q (ch)
9. K takes Q
Game XI. of the match was played precisely the same way. It is a favourite device of White to exchange Queens early in the game.
9. P to Q R 3rd Kt to B 3rd
10. P to Q R 4th B takes P
11. P to Q Kt 4th R to Q sq (ch)
12. K to K 2nd B to B sq
13. B to Kt 2nd B to Q 2nd
14. K R to Q sq Q R to B sq
15. B to Kt 3rd Kt to K 2nd
16. Kt to Q 4th Kt to K 3rd
17. R to Q 2nd P to K 4th
18. Kt to B 3rd B to Kt 5th
19. R takes R R takes R
20. P to K R 3rd B takes Kt (ch)
It has been found again and again that the exchange of Bishops for the opposing Knights is anything but an advantage. Mr. Lasker suggests B to K B 4th, or B to Q B sq here as superior.
21. P takes B B to K 2nd
22. R to Q B sq K to B sq
23. Kt to R 4th P to Kt 3rd
24. Kt to B 3rd
R to B 7th instead is met by R to Q 2nd, and no advantage appears to accrue for White.
24. R to R 5th B to Q 3rd
25. R to Q sq Kt to K sq
26. Kt to Kt 5th R to Q 2nd

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

One of twelve games played simultaneously by Mr. PILLSBURY at Montreal. (Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Amateur.)
1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
2. P to K 3rd P to K 3rd
3. B to Q 3rd B to Q 3rd
4. Kt to Q 2nd Kt to Q 2nd
5. P to K 4th B to B 5th
Not so good as P4o Q B 3rd, retiring the B to B 2nd in case of P to K 5th, and afterwards breaking up the Pawns by P to B 3rd.
6. P to K 5th P to Q B 3rd
7. P to K Kt 3rd B takes K P
The sacrifice is unsound, of course. There was no harm in B to R 3rd.
8. P takes B Kt takes P
9. K Kt to B 3rd Kt takes B (ch)
10. P takes Kt P to K R 4th
This isolated Pawn is fatal. Black had still a fair game, if, instead, he had developed and castled, perhaps on Queen's side.
11. Q to K 2nd P to K B 3rd
12. Kt to R 4th P to K 4th
13. P to K B 4th P to K 5th

WHITE (Mr. P.) BLACK (Amateur.)
14. P takes P P takes P
15. Kt takes P Kt to K 2nd
16. B to Q 2nd K to B 2nd
17. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)
Adding an interesting feature to a one-sided game. It is not so clear at first sight that this sacrifice is a sound one.
17. P takes Kt
18. P takes P Kt to B 4th
19. Castles (K R) P to K Kt 3rd
20. Kt takes Kt B takes Kt
21. B to B 3rd R to R 2nd
Not R to K sq, the obvious move, as White replies R takes B (ch), followed by Q takes R P (ch), and wins. But this awkward move is not satisfactory either. He should have left the Rook to be exchanged for the powerful Bishop.
22. R takes B (ch) P takes R
23. P to Kt 6th (ch), and wins.
A very fine finishing stroke. White wins at once, whether Black capture the Pawn or not.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Henley brings very close to us the end of the season, and makes us think of the inevitable dresses for country wear. The dress to be seen down the river on this popular occasion is of a mixed character. Much of it is smart garden-party attire, the wearers not intending to do anything but lunch and flirt and lounge in the gardens on the river's banks. Those who purpose going out on the water, however—and these are so numerous that in the intervals between the races it seems impossible for the course to be ever cleared again from the small boats that cover the river's surface—these visitors feel it necessary to get their aquatic costumes in good time, and a very correct impression can therefore be formed of the fashion that is to prevail at the sea and down the river in the now near holiday season. First of all, then, washing dresses are of piqué or drill; the smooth linens and hollandes are not new enough this summer to be worn much. Piqué, a material with a rib in it, is up to date, and looks very fresh and pretty on young figures. It is much made in the popular loose, open-fronted coat and skirt fashion, so much so that a casual observer might have supposed that this form of make, with a shirt under and a sailor hat on the head, was the uniform of some girls' club of extensive membership.

A variation that came out happily enough was a white drill double-breasted coat, loose at the front and fitting at the back, fastened up to above the bust with two rows of gilt buttons, and the revers and edges of the coat trimmed with three rows of very narrow gold braid; a perfectly plain skirt with three rows of braid, to match the coat, round the foot, and a stiff linen front with high collar and gold silk knot tie to fill in the throat. Another drill costume was of butcher blue, the bodice cut to fit the figure closely at the waist, under a band, and thence it sloped open widely to the shoulders, showing a vest of white piqué fastened with blue buttons, which in its turn was cut away at the top to reveal a little white front and blue bow tie. This bodice was made with a basque and full coat sleeves, and the blue skirt was slit up at the sides to show panels of white piqué. The same design would be good in serge, blue for bodice and skirt, and white for vest and panels. Of course, the material just named is largely worn on the river. Eton coats in serge over soft blouses of cotton or silk showed numerous. Others are being made much like a man's evening coat, with tails, while cut off just above the waist in front.

Among the smarter frocks of the garden-party order certain characteristics seem to have taken hold on fickle fashion's favour. One is the covering of a silk slip with net, or grenadine, or chiffon—some one of the fine, soft, transparent fabrics that are made in great variety—spotted, striped, or plain. Sometimes the whole dress is thus veiled, more often it is only the bodice. A blue-grey silk was made plain as to the skirt but for a frayed-out foot frill of the same, while the bodice was close-fitting and veiled in cream spotted net, held to the figure by two bands of ribbon coming from the under-arm seams to the front, one above the waist and one just below it, each caught together in the middle by a tiny diamond buckle. A very small zouave of the silk gave a look of firmness to the fit of the bodice. Another was a shot purple and green glacé silk, with the bodice draped with black grenadine, three straps of very narrow black lace going across the bust from one shoulder to the other, so as to hold down the flimsy material with something of a yoke effect. Again, a smart dress was a skirt of black grenadine over a pink silk slip, with a pink satin bodice fitting closely, and having very deep epaulettes of accordion-pleated black grenadine over the puffed pinked sleeves.

A dainty frock was of black crépon as to the skirt, with the sides draped up to show a pinkish mauve silk underskirt; the bodice was of the same mauve silk draped with loose puffings of black chiffon from neck to bust, and the chiffon making the sleeves. Black and white shepherd's plaid dresses were very fashionable, and were generally trimmed with white guipure. This rough sort of lace is immensely employed. A cream lace trimming on a pale grey or smoke silk, or crépon, or black-and-white silk, makes a combination in which distinction and simplicity are happily combined. Another new feature is the making the sleeves reach to just below the elbow only, and wearing tan suede gloves wrinkled to cover the lower part of the arm. One pretty gown, all in white, was made with elbow sleeves of puffings of white soft silk, a bodice of white silk drawn over with white chiffon, straps of white ribbon beginning in a bow at the centre of the back, coming over the points of the shoulders and ending in rosettes on the bust, and a skirt of white soft cloth, draped at the sides over puffings of white silk laid on to simulate an underskirt.

Messrs. Peter Robinson have just made two very smart dresses for one of the handsomest and most distinguished of our American visitors, Mrs. Frank Leslie. She is the celebrated and wealthy woman publisher of New York, the head of the largest business in the world conducted by a woman alone, and is a standing refutation of the notion that a woman who is the successful manager of a great business and the architect of her own fortunes must needs despise looks or be incapable of elegance, for she is as noted for the one excellence as for the other. One of these dresses is a black crépon combined with white guipure lace and embroidered muslin over apple-green silk. The skirt of the black crépon is draped high at each side to show a deep flounce of lace and embroidery, through which the apple-green silk foundation prettily gleams. The bodice is pleated into the waist, and a sash of green silk covered with lace is brought round from the right side of the waist under the bust, and passes up to the left shoulder. The other is a gold and green shot crépon of French manufacture, the bell skirt trimmed down with bands of black satin ribbon adorned along each of its edges with innumerable tiny gold paillettes. The tight-fitting bodice is laid in a few folds from the waist to the bust, and there spreads out and is gathered with a heading on to a yoke of the same shot material, trimmed with bands of the gold-spangled black satin ribbon. A big bow of black satin stands out widely at the back of the throat-band.

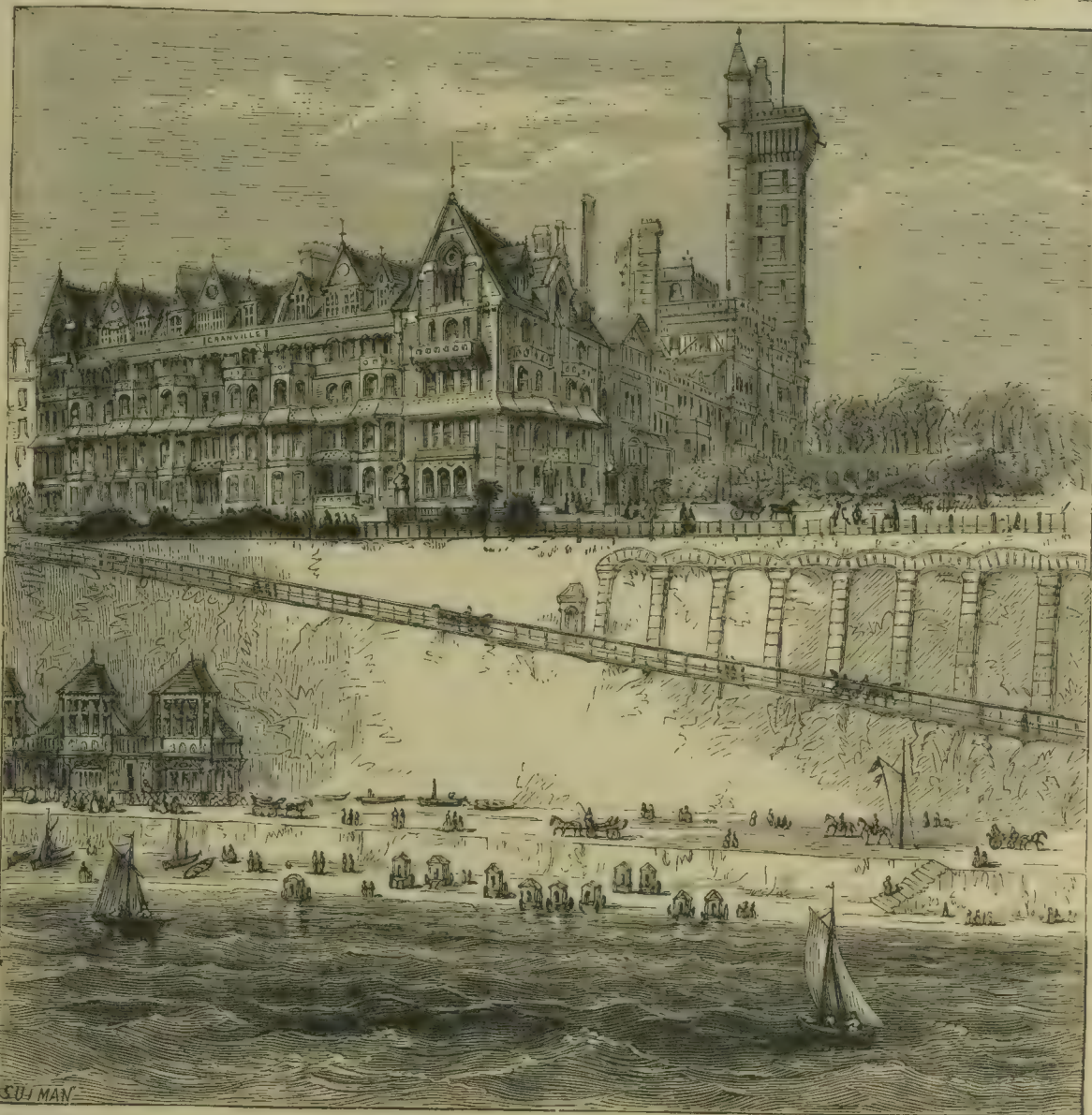
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Opinions of the Press.

"The Granville at Ramsgate is flourishing, to judge by the run upon it. The hotel itself is a monument of reckless expenditure by that Early English architect, Mr. Pugin; but this, of course, is to the benefit of those who use it. The food, which used to be so-so, is now excellent; the air is so fresh and crisp, even during the spell of hot weather, that eating is a positive pleasure."—*Truth*.

"From having been a long-suffering victim to sciatica and rheumatism, I have tried most of the Continental waters with no such satisfactory result—except in the solitary case of Aix-le-Bains, perhaps—as the ozone baths at the hotel (the Granville), which afford the most efficacious relief to both complaints. As a hydropathic establishment, at which Turkish and other descriptions of baths can be obtained, the Granville has undergone vast improvement since its occupation by Mr. Quartermaine East, and his son, Mr. Bateman East; while the cuisine will compare with the Schweizerhof at Lucerne, or any other renowned Continental hotel."—*Morning Post*.

As a health resort St. Lawrence-on-Sea stands pre-eminent. Notwithstanding the prevalence of influenza more or less in all South Coast seaside resorts, not a single death was registered for the week ending Dec. 26, 1891, with a normal population of 25,000 in addition to visitors.

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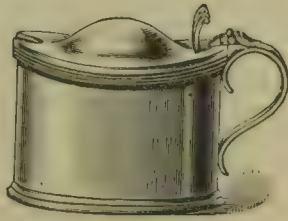


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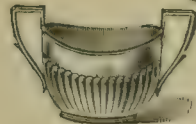
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Sterling Silver Sweetmeat Dish, £1 15s.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated June 12, 1884), with nine codicils, of Mr. Matthew Honan, of 26, Sydney Place, and of Patrick's Quay, both in the city of Cork, merchant, who died on April 17, granted to Robert Honan, the brother, Miss Isabella Honan, the sister, and Thomas Francis O'Connell, the executors, was resealed in London on June 20, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £158,000. The testator authorises his trustees to expend a sum not exceeding £25,000 in acquiring the land and building a hospital or home, to be called "Honan's Hospital," for aged men of good character in the city of Cork; and he leaves £20,000 and his stores and premises from Patrick's Quay to King Street as an endowment for the said hospital. He bequeaths £10,000 for enlarging, improving, or decorating St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, Cork; £3000 to the Capuchin Brothers for enlarging, improving, embellishing, or decorating their Church of the Holy Trinity, Cork; £1000 each to the Magdalen Asylum, the Christian Brothers, the Cancer Hospital, and the North Infirmary, all of Cork; £25,000 to Eliza or Linda Bennett; £15,000 and his house in Sydney Place, with the furniture and effects, to his sister Isabella; and other legacies. The residue of his real estate he gives to his brother Robert; and as to the residue of his personal estate, he gives one equal moiety to his said brother, and the other equal moiety to his sister Isabella.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Jan. 15, 1894) of Mr. David Adamson, of Belmont, Craigmillar Park, Edinburgh, who died on Jan. 15, granted to William Stewart Jamont, John Pitcairn, and James McNaughten, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on June 21, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £47,000.

The will (dated May 19, 1892) of Mr. Thomas Donkin, of Barham Lodge, Otlands Park, Surrey, who died on May 25, was proved on June 21 by Edwin Bryan Donkin and Harry Julian Donkin, the sons, and Henry Dunn, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £41,000. The testator gives legacies to his children and others. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, Edwin Bryan, Arthur, Harry Julian, Charles, Ellen Mary, and Juliana, in equal shares. Certain amounts advanced to or settled upon some of his children are to be brought into account.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1877) of Miss Emily Sarah Holt, of 49, Balham Hill, Surrey, and Stubbylee, near Bacup, Lancashire, who died on Dec. 25, was proved on June 25 by James Maden Holt, the brother, and John Parkinson Haworth, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testatrix bequeaths her reversionary interest in the £7500 settled by her upon her sister-in-law, Anna Holt, to the said Anna Holt; £1000, upon trust, for Hannah Savage for life and then for

her children; and £1000 each to John Parkinson Haworth and Harry Murray Hargreaves. All her real estate and the residue of her personal estate she gives to her brother, the said James Maden Holt.

The will (dated May 24, 1894) of Mr. Thomas Cree, of Brodsworth, Beckenham, Kent, who died on June 1, was proved on June 20 by Charles Edward Cree and Arthur Walker Cree, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testator gives, devises, bequeaths, and appoints all his real and personal estate to his four sons, Thomas George, Charles Edward, Arthur Walker, and William in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 29, 1888), with four codicils (dated May 1, 1890; Dec. 7, 1892; and Nov. 22 and Dec. 5, 1893), of Miss Joanna Catherine Drew, of 9, Lambbridge, Bath, who died on April 12, was proved on June 19 by Edward Samuel Clarke and Colonel Tredway George Clarke, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testatrix bequeaths various legacies; and as to the residue of her real and personal estate leaves one fifth each to her nephews, Edward Samuel Clarke, Sydenham Cribbon Clarke, and Tredway George Clarke; one fifth to the four children of her niece Lucy Anne Smith; and one fifth between her grandnephews and grandniece Alexander, Leslie, Malcolm, and Constance, children of Colonel Alexander Campbell.

ART NOTES.

The recent event at White Lodge will give additional interest to Mr. Tuxen's picture of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York, just a year ago. The little Chapel Royal, St. James's, which on the occasion looked more like an ordinary drawing-room, was scarcely large enough to contain more than the actual members of the bride's and bridegroom's families; and for this reason presumably Prince Henry of Battenberg and the Marquis of Lorne seem to stand afar off, as doorkeepers of the reserved precinct. The moment chosen by the artist is that when, joining the hands of the newly married pair, the Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced a few words of exhortation and blessing. Behind the kneeling bride are Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, also kneeling; but all the others are either seated or standing. Her Majesty, who occupies nearly the centre of the picture, has on one side the Queen of Denmark and on the other a bevy of her charming grandchildren. The Duchess of Teck is a prominent figure in the foreground; while to the left, and more immediately under the windows above the Communion-table, are grouped the Czarevitch, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and many other princes of like dignity and relationship to our royal family. Mr. Tuxen, it must be admitted, has acquitted himself with credit, and has produced a family group which will have an historical as well as an artistic interest. The picture, which is the property of her Majesty, and is now on view (St. James's Street Gallery) by her permission, is to be reproduced, and,

from the care with which the likenesses have been preserved, will doubtless attain a wide popularity.

The idea of bringing the bookbinders of the world into friendly competition has been carried out with very creditable results by Mr. Tregaskis—and some seventy-five specimens of English and foreign workmanship may now be seen at the Caxton Head (High Holborn). Copies of Mr. William Morris's translation of the romance of "King Florus and the Fair Jehane," recently issued from the Kelmscote Press, were distributed among the principal bookbinders of three continents, with no restrictions as to style or materials. If, as Mr. Tregaskis asserts, the limit of two guineas was assigned to the cost of each binding, we can only say that among those who pursue artistic bookbinding as a profession, the profits must often be represented by a minus quantity. Great Britain is naturally most in evidence, and it is only fair to say that such work as that in Morocco by Fazakerly, of Liverpool, Leighton, Morell, and Tout, of London, and in vellum by Roger de Coverley, shows a high standard of design and workmanship. Miss MacColl and Miss S. T. Prideaux divide the honour of representing leather bookbinding; but Mrs. Walter Crane, Mrs. Herbert Railton and Miss Bloxam show how other arts can be applied to similar uses. Mr. E. F. Buckland goes back to copper-repoussé work, and while proving that metal is adaptable for such purposes, does not carry conviction that it will become popular. France is almost wholly represented by Morocco work, of which the designs and colour are often very delicate. Germany shines in brighter hues, the gold tooling of the Gera Technical School being especially noteworthy. The United States have, it would seem, from the contributions from Boston, Chicago, Memphis, New York, and Philadelphia, a widely extended field of activity and good taste; while Spain, in the extreme south, and Sweden and Denmark, in the north, are represented by work which is little short of astonishing. China, Ceylon, India, and Canada and Australia all send contributions bearing witness to a widespread reverence for books as shown by their coverings.

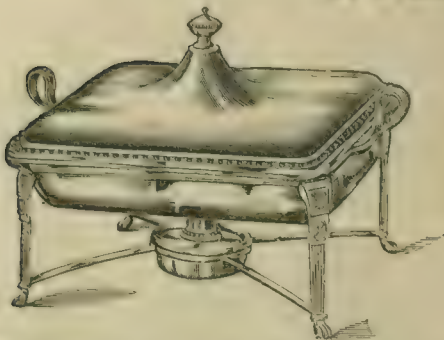
Mr. R. Ponsonby Staples's desire to perpetuate the memory of Feb. 13, 1893, when Mr. Gladstone introduced his Irish Home Rule Bill, will be appreciated by a wide circle. The occasion will be long remembered for many reasons, not the least of them being that it gave to the Prime Minister, then in his eighty-fourth year, the opportunity of making one of his most noteworthy speeches, and, in a way, marked the closure of his career as a great rhetorician. The House of Commons has on more than one occasion attracted artists, and to them we owe, as in Hinckel's picture in the National Portrait Gallery, an idea of how and where we have been governed at various periods of our Parliamentary history. One of the most successful of such pictures was that by John Philip, R.A., in which Lord Palmerston occupied the prominent place, Mr. Staples's picture, which will, in due course, be reproduced by Messrs. Henry Graves and Son, Pall Mall,

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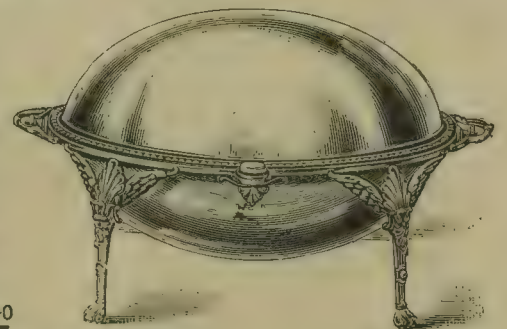
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fails to convey an adequate idea of the proportions of the House, although in many cases the portraits of the members are excellent. It would be difficult, moreover, to decide upon the point of view selected, for the introduction of the Press and Ladies' Galleries makes impossible the theory that the artist was seated above the clock; while the grouping of the figures on the floor of the House renders the theory that he was seated under the gallery equally inadmissible. The truth is that in the solution of this difficult problem Mr. Staples has, by a painter's license, done what was possible under the circumstances, and we must be thankful for having achieved so much that was important at the sacrifice of so little that was trivial. Unfortunately for us, who have to judge our legislators by the places they occupied in contemporary politics, Mr. C. H. Wilson, Sir John Pender, and even Mr. John Burns do not play such prominent parts in Westminster as they do in this picture, and Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt deserved more sympathetic treatment. Some of the lesser lights, however, are admirable portraits, and there is almost a touch of political satire in Mr. Labouchere's half-averted attitude towards "his revered chief."

THE OPERA.

Novelty has been succeeding novelty at Covent Garden with bewildering rapidity, and the marvel is how the fresh operas are being rehearsed, mounted, and got out in the time. The latest addition to the series is Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Signa," which was produced (in front of "La Navarraise") on Saturday, June 30. The name of this opera, which is also the title of the novel from which it was taken, has been conspicuously before the public for at least a couple of years, and we cannot help thinking that other people besides the composer are glad that it should at last have been brought to a hearing on the English stage. The pity is that Mr. Cowen should have ever been struck by the unlucky idea of bringing his work out abroad, and of all places in Italy. The only good, so far as we can see, that has come of the troublesome business with Signor Sonzogno

is that "Signa" now makes its appearance here in two acts. How the amount of plot evolved from Ouida's story can at any time have been deemed sufficient for a four-act opera passes ordinary understanding. It is barely strong enough for its present dimensions. The incidents which occur at Bruno's farm are of the mildest possible type, and they need all the charm of Mr. Cowen's lyrical muse to keep the interest going until the fiddling hero has torn himself away from home and friends to "seek the bubble reputation" in a more congenial atmosphere. The chief attraction of the first act therefore lies in the music, which includes Signa's melodious and characteristic "Song of Liberty," some very graceful passages for Gemma, a broad and expressive air for Bruno, and a short but cleverly written finale. The second act, however, is charged with some strong dramatic interest. It is preceded by a delicious *entr'acte* in waltz rhythm, and opens with a lengthy chorus full of life and energy for the gay Neapolitan folk who are amusing themselves outside Gemma's house. The scene, which takes place at night in view of the rippling bay, is lighted partly by the moon, partly by the vari-coloured lamps that decorate the trolis-work of the villa, and presents a remarkably pretty picture. Some students try to persuade Signa in a lively popular refrain to join them instead of hanging about after the false Gemma. He refuses, and is found in a state of despair by Bruno, who likewise fails in his endeavours to draw the young man away. Then Bruno seizes his opportunity to bring Gemma out of the villa, and, after "giving her a bit of his mind," proceeds to stab her to the heart. Signa, who has necessarily been absent during this episode, now returns, and, finding Gemma dead, hurls a parting reproach at his uncle and plunges a knife into his own bosom. The music during the latter half of the act is unquestionably in keeping with the tragic nature of the events here described. Mr. Cowen shows, when called upon, a great deal if not all that is expected in a dramatic composer, his handling of the orchestra being worthy of especial praise. On the whole, "Signa" made a favourable impression, though we cannot honestly declare that it aroused anything approaching enthusiasm. The performance, which was skilfully conducted by the composer, went with

considerable spirit, and altogether did justice to the work. Readers of Ouida may not have found their ideals actually presented in flesh and blood, but they could fairly accept in Mr. Ben Davies a spirited and impassioned Signa, in Madame de Nuovina an alert and attractive exponent of the heartless Gemma, and in Signor Ancona a vocally unimpeachable Bruno. The rather difficult duties allotted to the chorus and orchestra were very creditably fulfilled.

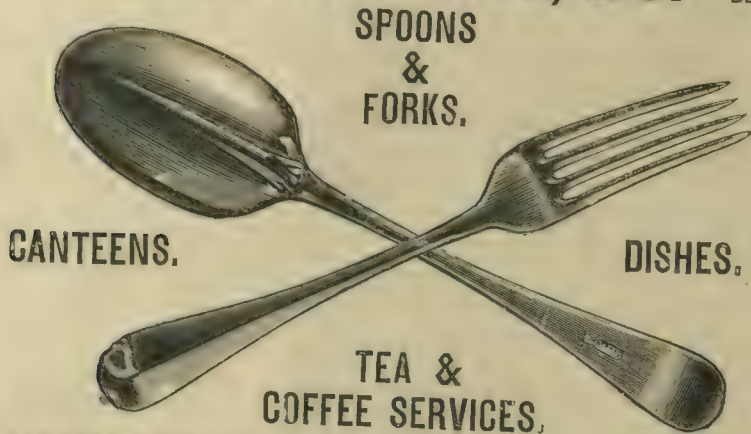
On the same night that "Signa" was produced at Covent Garden, Drury Lane was crowded in every part for the performance of "Tristan and Isolde," and for close upon five mortal hours the gathering of enthusiasts endured the enervating atmosphere of a Turkish bath, listening with keen attention and delight to the music of Wagner's most typical and representative work. The general opinion was that the revival was the most satisfactory in all respects yet furnished by the German season. The band, as conducted by Herr Lohse, was a vastly different machine from that which had done such perfunctory work earlier in the same week under the baton of Herr Feld; indeed, a tolerable degree of accuracy and finish may be said to have marked the rendering of the complex and exacting instrumentation. Herr Alvary was interesting and dignified as Tristan, and, if not quite at his best in the love duet, made ample amends by the intense pathos of his performance in the last act. The Isolde of Frau Klafsky was throughout admirable in its womanly charm, picturesque grace, and deep intensity of expression. A stronger Brangäne might have been desired, but there was, nevertheless, merit in Fraulein Ralph's assumption. Mr. David Bispham's Kurwenal was, as usual, an earnest and artistic piece of work, while Herr Wiegand efficiently filled his old part of King Marke. For the fifth German night on the following Tuesday, "Lohengrin" was given.

The Lord Mayor of London, Alderman George Robert Tyler, has been created a Baronet; Alderman John Voce Moore and Joseph Dimsdale, Sheriffs of London, are knighted, as well as Mr. Albert T. Altman; and Mr. J. Wolfe Barry, engineer, is made a C.B., upon the occasion of the opening of the Tower Bridge.

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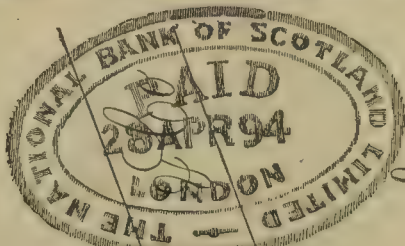


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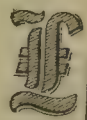


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BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Supposing it were suddenly announced that our old friend Mr. J. L. Toole intended to play Hamlet; or that Mr. John Hare, after long and anxious consideration, had made up his mind to blacken his comedian's face and have a try at Othello; or that Mrs. Bancroft had been persuaded to repeat a successful experiment of years ago, and appear as Juliet in the balcony scene; or that the incomparable Henry Irving, imitating the greatest actor in Japan, one Danjuro, had been advised to put on petticoats and give us a skirt-dance in the character of a woman; or that the ever-graceful, ever-popular, and much-idolised Ellen Terry resolved, with the approval of her best friends, to assume the short skirts and frilled cap of Mdlle. Lange in "La Fille de Madame Angot," and join in the slanging fish-fag duet with Clairette—would it be the height of impertinence, long before the attempt was made, to protest against it as injudicious? If these announcements were seriously made, would it really be presumptuous and uncalled for to hint that the temperament and individuality of each artist would not suit any one of these characters, so far as the artistic eye could see? Before we cast a play that has been carefully written do we not all say "Ah! that would suit So-and-so down to the ground! I must have that particular actor or that individual actress for such and such a character." Now, all this time we have not seen the actor or actress in the character indicated, save in the mind's eye. Do not authors and managers every day of their lives make special engagements with certain individuals for particular parts, and do we not all naturally say by a converse process of reasoning, "No doubt an admirable artist in his or her line, but quite unsuited for that kind of character." And yet some of us have been treated to little lectures and jeremiads because we have ventured to say that we cannot at the outset see Ellen Terry as Madame Sans-Gêne. It is the cheapest sort of retort to say, "You have no right to judge before the event; it is bad taste to prejudice a performance; there is no reason

why Miss Ellen Terry should not be far better than Réjane, and so on." But it is well known that we all unconsciously and inevitably do judge before the event, and know as if by instinct where a celebrated actor or actress will fail or succeed. If I heard to-morrow that Mr. Beerbohm Tree had decided to play Romeo, or Mr. Charles Wyndham was to give his idea of Hamlet personally, I should use every kind of influence of which I was capable to restrain them from the ill-judged project.

Now, I have alluded intentionally to Mdlle. Lange in "La Fille de Madame Angot," because this good-hearted, slang-loving fishwoman of the Directory answers in several characteristics to the merry, independent washerwoman of the reign of the first Napoleon. That Miss Ellen Terry may succeed as Madame Sans-Gêne every one of her admirers must very earnestly desire, but I repeat that I cannot see her in the part. Those who warn our favourites against these sensation-experiments are, after all, their best friends. They are more truly friendly to them than such as, feeling they are committing errors of judgment, refuse to warn them against the consequences. If I had been able to persuade Henry Irving against the pitfalls of Romeo and Claude Melnotte, or Mr. Wilson Barrett against his very natural Shaksperian experiments, or Mr. Beerbohm Tree against the fascination of the mysterious German mystic in pyjamas, or good Mr. Toole from the dejected haviour and visage of Hamlet, assuredly I would have done and would do so. Once upon a time, Edward Askew Sothorn, an admirable comedian, and John Baldwin Buckstone, an eccentric comedian, seriously essayed Othello and Iago at the Haymarket Theatre. It was not serious at all, but very funny—as funny as if Charles Wyndham were Othello, and Mr. Blakeley were Iago. And yet I have not the slightest doubt that in his heart Charles Wyndham desires to play Othello and comic Mr. Blakeley Iago. I never knew a comic actor yet who did not think he was a born tragedian.

To my thinking, Madame Sarah Bernhardt has played both Marguerite Gauthier in the "Dame aux Camélias" and the heroine in "La Tosca" better this season than she has ever played them before, and that is saying a great

deal, because she was at her best, as some of us thought, two years ago at Mr. D'Oyly Carte's theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue. The great actress was never worse supported than as Marguerite this year, but never before have I seen an actress so thoroughly exhaust her audience. When that magnificent death-scene was over, those who had witnessed it could scarcely speak to one another. They felt as limp as rags. The actress by her supreme power had sapped their strength. To use a familiar phrase, she had "taken it out of them." So intense had been the nervous strain and tension of those who had watched the actress rising higher and higher to a climax of grandeur, that when the curtain fell the admiring crowd looked and gazed at one another helplessly. I have very seldom noted the same kind of experience in an English theatre. Once there was a marked expression of it when Favart and Delaunay played in Alfred de Musset's "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour" at the Opéra Comique on the last night of the Comédie Française on the occasion of the first visit. But it was never so strongly expressed as when Sarah Bernhardt gave her view of Marguerite Gauthier as against the decided but less elegant view of the Italian Eleanora Duse. I thought Duse's death-scene was exquisitely realistic and impressive from the point of view of physical pain. But the audience left Duse impressed but unmoved. They left Sarah Bernhardt trembling with emotion. That is exactly the difference. I am a little surprised that Sarah Bernhardt should have wasted two evenings over the dull and didactic play by the dramatic critic Jules Lemaitre, called "Les Rois." It is a tedious, talky-talky, and somewhat vulgar version of the *cause célèbre* that recently startled Europe relating to the death of the Austrian Crown Prince, the Archduke Rudolph. But that is not so material as the uncomfortable fact that the character of the Princess Wilhelmine is not good enough for the great actress, and gives her scant opportunity. In the novel by Lemaitre from which the play was taken, I believe there was a great scene between the wife of the weak Prince and his nihilistic mistress. Such a scene would have been a *raison d'être* for a play. Without it the drama is worthless.

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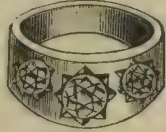
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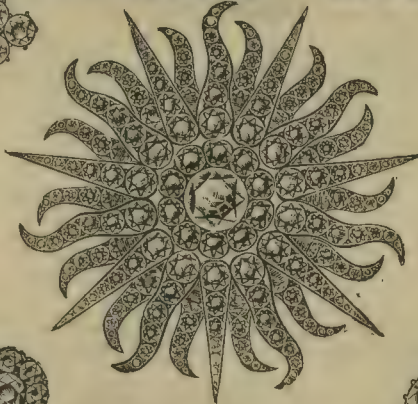
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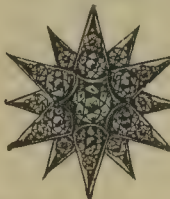
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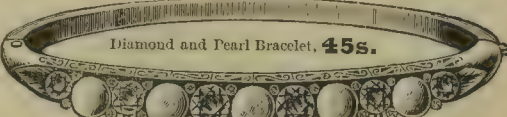
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	a.m. p.m.		a.m. p.m.
Victoria	dep. 9.0 8.50	Paris	dep. 9.30 9.0
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Fares—Single, First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return, First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.
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M O N T E C A R L O .

THE SEASON.

The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoyable by the facilities of access to Monaco and Monte Carlo, with the multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return, after a performance at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner, to any of the towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.
The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judic achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a company all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montbazou and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by Audran; and "Ruy Blas," with Mounet-Sully, on Jan. 9. The director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.
The programme from March 10 to April 1 consisted of two representations every week in the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saëns, with Madame Deschamps-Jéhin, Saléza and Fabre; "La Sonnambula," Madame Metella Sembrich, Messrs. Queyria and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robart," by Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisedec and Queyria; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment," and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mdlle. Elvira M. Queyria, and M. Boudouresque, fils.
In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.

There are the Conférences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey. Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and International Concerts, under the competent direction of M. Arthur Steck.

Every day will have its artistic performance and attraction.
The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened on Jan. 16, is superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works collected; paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de Dramard.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gérôme, Jules Lefebvre, Detaille, Barrias, of the Institut, Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carolus Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee, with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and manifold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter here does not exist.

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OBITUARY.

LORD CHARLES RUSSELL.

On June 29, at Crow Holt Lodge, Woburn, Bedfordshire, of pneumonia, Lord Charles James Fox Russell, in the Commission of the Peace and a Deputy Lieutenant for that county. He was the sixth son of the late John, sixth Duke of Bedford, K.G., and granduncle of the present Peer, his mother being Georgiana, fifth daughter of the late Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, K.G., and was born Feb. 10, 1807. Lord Charles entered the Army, and became Lieutenant-Colonel in the 60th Regiment of Foot (now the King's Royal Rifle Corps) in 1846. He was Knight of the Shire for Bedford from 1832 to 1848, when he was appointed Serjeant-at-Arms to the House of Commons, which office he held for twenty-seven years. Lord Charles married April 2, 1834, Isabella Clarissa, daughter of the late Mr. William Griffith Davies, of Penylan, Carmarthenshire, by Elizabeth his wife, eldest daughter of the late Lord Robert Seymour, and had issue, two sons and four daughters. Lady Charles Russell died June 19, 1884.

We have also to record the deaths of—
Colonel John Cutts Lockwood, late of the 20th Regiment

of Hussars, at Hussar Cottage, Kingham, in Oxfordshire, on June 22, aged sixty. He was son of the late Rev. John Lockwood, Rector of Kingham, and was a magistrate for Oxfordshire and a member of the County Council.

Mrs. Susan Esther Wordsworth, wife of the Right Rev. John, Lord Bishop of Salisbury, at Salisbury Palace, Wilts, on June 23, aged fifty-one. She was daughter of the late Rev. Henry Octavius Cox, of the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

Mrs. Elisabeth Bickersteth, widow of the late Right Reverend Robert, Lord Bishop of Ripon, at West Lodge, Ripon, on June 21, in the eightieth year of her age.

Captain John Robert Deane Cooper, R.N. (retired), who died on June 22, at Hastings. Captain Cooper had obtained several medals in the service, was a member of the fifth class of the Medjidieh, and a Knight of the Legion of Honour.

Admiral John William Dorville (on the retired list), of the Royal Navy, at High Croft, Graham Terrace, Great Malvern, on July 1, aged seventy-nine. Admiral Dorville, who has been an officer in the Navy for over half a century,

had a most distinguished career. He was patron of the living of Wambrook, in the county of Dorset.

Major-General James Young Gowan, who died on June 23, at Woodlands, Wimbledon Common, in the seventy-third year of his age.

The annual financial report of the London School Board was made by Mr. John Lobb, chairman of the Finance Committee, on June 28, showing that its present indebtedness is £8,045,435, the expenditure on loan account for the past year being £461,136. The expenditure for the past year on all accounts is £2,034,872, and that for the current year is estimated at £2,155,612. Teachers' salaries amount to £1,084,000, for about 9800 teachers, including 1600 pupil teachers; repairs of buildings £75,000, there being 400 or 500 school-buildings, with accommodation for half a million children; actual attendance, 402,759 children; the cost of enforcing school attendance is £47,388; cost of technical, special, and physical instruction, £68,500; industrial schools, £44,635. It is expected that £385,000 will be received this year from Government grants. The amount to be raised by rates is £1,389,850, a rate of nearly tenpence in the pound. The total expenditure since 1870 has been £33,500,000.

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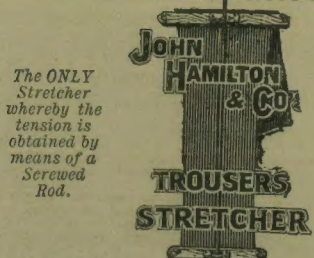
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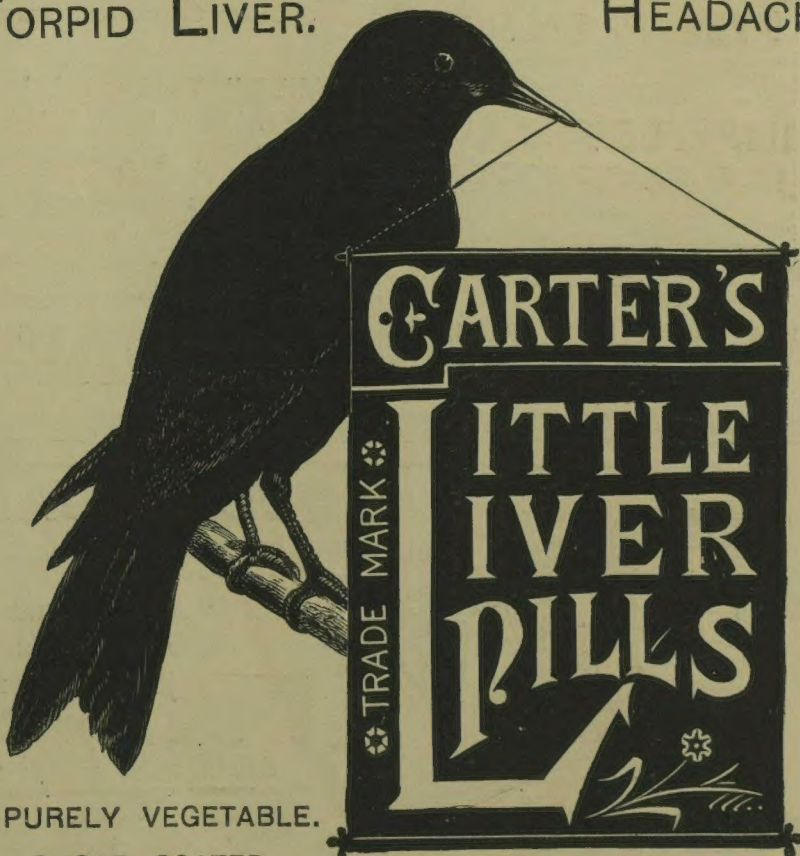
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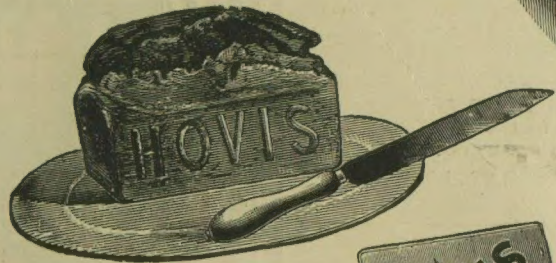
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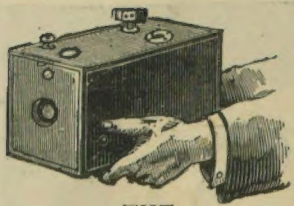
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